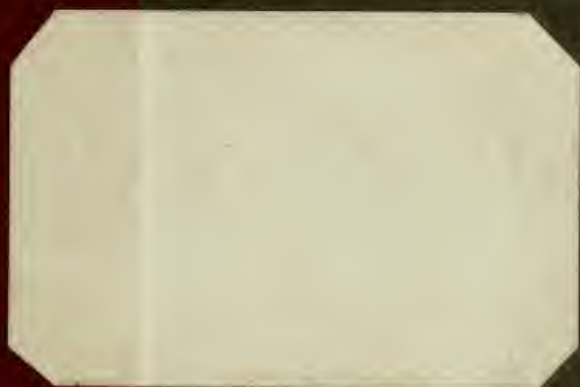


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A HISTORY
OF
MANLIUS VILLAGE,
IN A
COURSE OF LECTURES

READ BEFORE
THE MANLIUS LITERARY ASSOCIATION

BY
HENRY C. VAN SCHAACK,

Vice-President of that Association.

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HISTORY OF MANLIUS VILLAGE.

CHAPTER I.

According to our local historian*, to whose researches I have been very much indebted in the preparation of these papers, the settlement of Manlius Village commenced in the early part of the tenth decade of the last century. The first settler here was John A. Shaeffer, a German Dutchman, who came here in 1792, and built a log house near where the Episcopal Church now stands. This log house soon after became the first tavern in our village, of which mynheer Shaeffer was the host. The next settler, as we are informed, was Charles Mulholland, an Irishman, who lived in a log house erected near where Mr. Pendleton's house stands. Our German progenitor not only got the start of his Irish neighbor as the first settler here, but the first baby born in our village was also of German descent, being a son of this Mr. Shaeffer. The child was born in the log tavern, and the very next morning after his birth he was named after the great revolutionary General, the Baron Steuben. The way the babe got this big name, and got it so quick, is matter of history; and as writers in all ages, whether poets, biographers, essayists, statisticians or historians, have ever attached the greatest importance to every incident connected with the birth and parentage of the first child born in any new settlement, rising town, renowned city or newly discovered country, it will not become me lightly to

*Mr. J. V. H. Clark.

pass over this all important and most interesting event in our village history.

In the year 1794, Baron Steuben, of revolutionary fame, arrived in Manlius village, on his return from business to the Salt Springs at Salina. He stopped over night at Mr. Shaeffer's log tavern. Being much fatigued by his travels, the Baron retired to bed early, hoping to get a good night's rest. But unfortunately there was no sleep for his eyelids. The house was a scene of confusion through the live-long night. Persons were heard by the Baron moving from room to room, opening and shutting doors, with suppressed female voices and other noises, insomuch that he scarcely slept a wink. Possibly his trying to hear what the ladies were talking about helped to keep him awake. However this may be, the Baron got up in the morning in a great rage and gave the tavern-keeper a piece of his mind for keeping such a noisy house. All this time he was entirely ignorant of the innocent and helpless cause of all this commotion. He had little idea that during that eventful night an addition of one had been made to the population of the rising village of Manlius. But when the fact was made known to him by ocular demonstration ; when the nurse brought forward the little new-comer in her outspread arms and placed the babe before him as the innocent cause of the night's commotion, the old General was dumbfounded. He knew not what to say. He did what he had never done before. He surrendered on the spot. Making many apologies to the landlord for his rudeness, the guest and his host immediately entered upon negotiations for a treaty of peace. Most fortunately, as good luck would have it, the babe was a boy ; and it was probably owing to that little circumstance that the high contracting parties came to such a speedy settlement ; for the landlord agreed that the boy should take the name of

Steuben, and then the Baron sat down at the table and gave his little namesake a deed of two hundred and fifty acres of land in the town of Steuben:

So the only Baron Steuben, Junior, that ever lived was born in the village of Manlius; for although the old Baron was a brave soldier he never dared to get married. He lived and died a bachelor, and he appears to have been more afraid of the ladies than he was of the British.

With the exception of this constitutional dislike of the ladies, Frederic William Augustus, Baron Steuben, was a noble character, and generous to a fault. Fifty years ago I visited the old German Church, then still standing in Nassau street in the city of New York. An inscription on a mural monument erected to the Baron's memory in that church presents a just view of his character; and although perhaps foreign to my main purpose this evening, I shall not apologize for introducing it here, in connection with the anecdote above given by which the name of Steuben is so pleasingly associated with our early village history. The inscription read thus: "Sacred to the memory of Frederic William Augustus Baron Steuben; a German Knight of the order of Fidelity; Aid-de-camp to Frederic the Great, King of Prussia; Major-General and Inspector-General in the Revolutionary War; esteemed, respected and supported by Washington. He gave military discipline and skill to the citizen soldiers, who, fulfilling the decrees of heaven, achieved the independence of the United States. The highly polished manners of the Baron were graced by the most noble feelings of the heart. His hand open as day for melting charity, closed only in the strong grasp of death! This memorial is inscribed by an American, who had the honor to be his aid-de-camp, and the happiness to be his friend. Obiit, 1794."

I have, in my authographic collection; a letter which possesses a twofold interest from its having been written by one to another of General Steuben's Aids-de-camp,—Col. North to Col. Walker,—the subject of which is the Baron's liberality, often ill-judged, in giving away so much of the land which was conveyed to him by the State of New York, in recognition of his revolutionary services. "The Baron," wrote North, "was idly generous in giving so much of his land to worthless servants. Amongst those, Lopez has one hundred acres. Burke, another rascal, and to whom I believe he has given another hundred, has commissioned Mulligan to buy Lopez' farm of him. It is a pity, I say, that the Baron should give this farm either to one or the other of them. I want you, and I would certainly do it myself if I was in New York, to commission Bill Robinson, or some one else, to purchase Lopez' right to this farm, (it may be done, I suppose, for fifteen or twenty dollars,) and give it into the Baron's hands again, he paying what you give."

There is now living in our immediate neighborhood a lady, Mrs. Lucy Lower, aged 69, whose uncle, Peter B. Messenger, drew the logs which were used in building the first log house erected in Manlius Village.

The first wedding which took place here was solemnized on the 14th of January, 1793. The happy parties were both of Dutch extraction, being Nicholas Phillips and Caty Garlock. Nicholas and Caty have long since passed from this mundane sphere of action. They did not leave the world, however, until they had witnessed the marvelous changes and improvements which had taken place in these regions during the thirty years which succeeded the ceremony of their marriage in one of the first log cabins erected in our village.

The mention of Caty's early history would call forth a tear over her youthful sufferings. When she was a little

girl residing on the banks of the Mohawk she rambled one day into the woods, where she was seized by some prowling Indians, who scalped her and knocked in her skull, leaving her, as they doubtless supposed, for dead. She remained lying in the woods, in this pitiable condition, for several days before she was found by her friends, or received any care. She carried with her through life the evidences of the injuries which she then received, having been obliged to protect the top of her head with a covering for fifty years or more, and to her dying day. In truth, her death was supposed to have been hastened by exposure of the injured parts, on some occasion.

Nicholas survived Caty about thirty years; the latter having died in 1824, and the former in 1854. At the age of 83, Nicholas was as agile and could ride as erect on horseback as a boy of eighteen. The fall before his death he alone ploughed and put in all the seed for a crop of wheat on his farm. If Nicholas was not a wit, he was yet often the cause for merriment, if not of wit, in others. On one occasion he found himself in a ludicrous predicament. He came to our village one day from his farm, on horseback, to make some purchases at A. Smith's store. He bought a pitchfork and some indigo. The indigo he carried in a paper, perhaps loosely tied, in his hat, resting it on the top of his head. In returning to his home his horse took fright and ran away with him. It was a warm, sunny day, and the jolting of his horse-back ride, combining with his profuse perspiration, caused the indigo to melt and run down his head and face, rendering him a most laughable looking object of sight, in his ride and on his arrival at home. Soon after, on going to Mr. Smith's store to trade, he reminded the young clerk, Mr. I. C. Smith, that "he was the boy who sold him that indigo."

I knew Nicholas Phillips well, having had an acquaint-

ance with him for twenty years. He was a man of great simplicity of character in every point of view ; and probably had a much larger share of the virtue which is said to be a distinguished trait of his Dutch ancestry than ordinarily falls to the lot of unsophisticated man. Such was the character of that simplicity, that had he lived, at the proper time, on the banks of the Hudson, he would have been entitled to a prominent place in the written history of New York, as compiled by that renowned author, Diederick Knickerbocker. His conceptions of the operations of the electric telegraph, in the transmission of intelligence, and particularly in the promotion of correspondence between friends, were such, that when telegrams first passed over the wires, Nicholas deliberately took his stand by the side of the railroad at Manlius Station, and steadily fixed his eyes upon the wires, patiently watching to see the letters pass along to their places of destination !

How long he remained in that position I am unable to say ; but probably sufficiently long to satisfy his own mind, that there were "ways that were dark" in practical telegraphy.

And yet, we ought not to laugh too soon or too heartily at the apparent simplicity of our old settler, lest we involve ourselves in a similar predicament for ridicule. Who shall say that it is the uneducated man alone who is unable to comprehend great ideas, or to appreciate the utilization and value of extraordinary inventions and discoveries, when we see that many of the wisest and strongest men of that day had no faith whatever in practical telegraphy. As late as 1843, with the personal explanations and experiments of Morse before them, leading members of Congress overflowed with ridicule of the great invention, having as little conception of the practical working of the electric telegraph as had old Nicholas Phillips, of Manlius.

But I must not go too far into biography, while writing a Village History ; and yet what would an incipient village, in a new country, be, without MEN to fall the standing trees which obstruct the village site ; to subdue the wild ; and to erect buildings for human habitation ; —or without WOMAN to be the companion of man ; to share with him the responsibilities of life ; and to take charge of the various domestic duties of the household ; —or without CHILDREN to enliven the family circle ; to swell the rising population ; and eventually to fill the places of their fathers and mothers.

I am not therefore prepared to admit that biography, even of the uneducated, or the lowly in life, is foreign to history.

CHAPTER II.

The first frame house erected here was built in 1792, by Conrad Lower. It stood, up to a few years ago, on the western outskirt of the present village, near the dyke leading to Fayetteville, and was occupied for many years by Salmon Sherwood. Mr. Lower brought some of the floor-boards from Palatine Bridge, a distance of eighty miles. He sent his son thirty-three miles, on foot, to Oriskany, for nails, who brought back forty-six pounds in a bag on horseback.

Our first school house was erected in 1798. It was built with logs, and stood a little north of Mr. Costello's mill.

In 1800 or 1801 there were only six dwellings in Manlius Village, with one store and one tavern ; one doctor, one lawyer and one blacksmith. Although former his-

torians say nothing on the subject, I think I may venture to add, without justly subjecting myself to the charge of rashly invading the domain of conjectural history, that there was here also, at that period, at least one shoemaker; as it is not all likely in such a wild region of country where there were so many bears and deers waiting to be flayed, that our old settlers went barefoot; although it is not improbable that before the arrival of the Knight of St. Crispin, our ancestors may have resorted to the neighboring Indians for moccasins, with which to protect their pedal extremities.

I desire here, however, to assure my hearers, and the readers of my history, that I will endeavor to make this the only instance in which, through the course of these lectures, I shall resort to my imagination for my facts.

There was a post-office here as early as 1800; and, at that period, the village received the high sounding name of Liberty Square. It retained that name, however, for only a short time, when it became known as Manlius Square, by which latter name it is still often called.

In 1804, Manlius Square contained about thirty houses. From this period it probably grew quite rapidly, and it not long after became, and continued for many years to be, the largest village, and by far the most prominent business place, in Onondaga county. The leading and most enterprising business men in this region resided here. The first newspaper printed in the county was published here. The transportation of merchandise and other goods to and from the east and west, and the travel both ways, centered at this point, by the meeting here of the Seneca and Cherry Valley turnpikes. This transportation and travel, at one time, was so immense that almost every other house along the road was a tavern. There were then six or seven large public houses between this village and Chittenango.

The town of Manlius, as originally laid out, was the largest town in the county. It then included besides the present town the largest portion of De Witt, and parts of Onondaga and Salina, with the greater part of the site of the present city of Syracuse. Manlius village was for more than twenty years the centre of business of all this territory, as well as of an extensive region of country south and east of us. Mr. Joseph Williams informs me that at one time about 1815 there were sixteen stores in this village. From subsequent information, I think that Mr. Williams is mistaken; and that there were not at any time more than eleven or twelve stores here. All agree that it was a very lively place of business. Manlius village was a driving business place when the site of Syracuse was a dreary swamp.

The construction of the Erie canal, although highly beneficial to the country in general, had a very injurious effect upon the business of this village. It opened new avenues for commerce, and invited enterprise and activity to other geographical points. New villages arose upon its banks, and Hull's Landing, Manlius Centre, Kirkville, Fayetteville and Syracuse, drew off a large amount of trade and other business, as well as population, from their old mother, Manlius. The transportation of merchandise, farm productions and other property, which had before been carried on by land, upon the completion of the canal was mainly conducted by water; and a great share of travel also took the same course in the packet and fine boats, in the season of navigation, although several lines of stages continued to pass through here daily twice a day until the railroad was constructed, which, for a time, caused another unfavorable effect upon our village.

One of the first public meetings I recollect to have attended here was at Mr. Warren's tavern, then kept in the second building west of Hamlin's Mill. The object

of the meeting was to take measures for reviving the business of the village by constructing a canal from here to Fayetteville feeder, so as to connect this village with the grand canal. An act was passed by the Legislature, on the 14th day of May, 1828, by which it was provided that Sylvanus Tousley, Azariah Smith, Nathan Williams, Thomas J. Gilbert, John Sprague and Nicholas P. Randall, with others who might associate with them, should be a body corporate by the name of "The Manlius Canal Company." The management of the company was to be entrusted to nine directors. The six gentlemen above named were appointed commissioners to receive subscriptions to the capital stock, and when fifteen thousand dollars should be subscribed directors were to be chosen. The corporation was empowered to construct, and ever maintain, a slack-water navigation in or near the Limestone creek, and build a canal of suitable depth and dimensions for the passage of canal boats, from any point on and connected with the feeder taken from the Limestone creek for the use of the Erie canal, to the village of Manlius, provided it be completed in six years. Nearly twenty thousand dollars of the stock, if I recollect right, was taken to promote this canal project. But it fell through, and that was probably the time that Manlius missed it, and lost a chance for regaining a good share of her prior prosperity. Had this canal been constructed our village would have been at the head of navigation this way, and the place for transshipment of merchandise, plaster, water-lime, grain and other agricultural productions for a considerable extent of country about us; our long neglected water-power would probably have been improved to its utmost capacity; our population greatly increased, and many improvements since made in other villages in the town would have been made here. A good share of Fayetteville, which was

then noted as a "village having four taverns and no meeting house," would probably have found a resting place in the bosom of Manlius village.

I cannot give the reason why this canal project was not carried out, unless it was the want of funds ; but it was no doubt a good one ; for we had living here then such enterprising and public spirited men as Azariah Smith, Nicholas P. Randall, Sylvanus Tousley, Silas Williams, Elihu Ewers, Franklin May, Elijah Rhoades, Thomas J. Gilbert, William Taylor, S. L. Edwards, D. B. Bickford, Nathan Williams, Joseph Smith, Elihu L. Phillips, Illustrious and Arnold Remington, with others whose names do not occur to me ; and these gentlemen would not have been apt to let so important a project go down had it been deemed practicable.

It is an interesting fact in our history, that the idea was entertained at one time in this State of connecting the waters of the Susquehanna with the Erie canal, by a canal which in its route would follow the valley of the Limestone and pass through this village. There was a provision in the law incorporating The Manlius Canal Company, by which the State reserved the right, should the Susquehanna project be carried out by the State, of taking the Manlius canal, if necessary, by refunding the cost of their canal to the Manlius company.

As the Manlius canal never had an existence, it of course was not swallowed by the Susquehanna canal, which only had a place in the imagination of its projectors.

On the 18th of December, 1830, a notice was published in the "Manlius Repository," a newspaper published in this village at that time, that an application would be made at the next session of the Legislature for an act to incorporate a company for the construction of a railroad from the village of Manlius to the Erie canal. I need hardly say that nothing came of this last project.

In March, 1816, a memorial was presented in the Senate of this State for the location at Manlius village of the State Prison, then proposed to be erected in this part of the State, and which was finally fixed at Auburn. The prospect for the success of the memorial was very fair, and it is confidently believed that had it been started in season it would have succeeded. Mr. Randall, who was one of a committee who went to Albany with the memorial, wrote to Mr. Azariah Smith: "If the business had been timely attended to, I have no doubt we might have prevailed in our application; and I am now not without strong hopes of success. We shall stay longer if the prospect continues good. It has much brightened to-day, and we have made Beach very uneasy. I feel almost certain that Utica cannot get it."

CHAPTER III.

Originally, the business part of our village was above or east of the brick store erected by Azariah Smith, and now occupied by Mr. Hadley. There was some evidence of this when I came here in 1827, although the lower, and now central part of the village, had taken the lead some time before. When Mr. Smith built the brick store in 1816, he was laughed at for building so far down street, and so remote from the business centre.

The business establishments of the original village were centered, for the most part, around a public square; almost as much so as the lower end of Fayetteville is now, although the ground constituting the square in our village

was considerably longer than that at Fayetteville. This square extended from the west side of Mr. J. C. Smith's door yard down to the east side of the brick store, and from the Academy Green down the same distance on the opposite side of Seneca street. Originally, and until about 1840, there were no door yards on either side of this square, and no fences or shrubbery, and scarcely a tree; and the sidewalks ran close to the front of the buildings. You will see that this left a large open space or square. Immediately connected with this square, there were originally a number of stores and shops on Cherry Valley street, next south of the Academy building, and also on Seneca street from Doctor Nims' house, formerly a store, down to the corner, and from Mr. Hadley's store down an equal distance on the opposite side.

In 1827 the whole of that part of the village which I have just described had an old, dilapidated, forlorn look, and the buildings up the hill had the same appearance. Where Mr. Wallace Williams' spacious house now stands, was an old story-and-a-half house in process of repair. At the head of the Academy-Green was an old wood-colored building which had at one time been a store, but was then occupied by good old Mr. Joel Huntington as a cabinet-maker's shop and dwelling. The Academy building was then a dismal-looking, rough-stone, two-story building, unplastered, unpainted, and unoccupied, except that John Fleming, Jr. Esq., had a law office in the north-west corner. The main part of Mr. H. W. Ewer's house was an old store, afterwards placed in its present eligible condition by Mr. Whiting. Where Mr. Pendleton's fine house stands was an old, ungainly two-and-a-half story frame dwelling almost ready to tumble down, and then the oldest tavern in the village. On the opposite side of the street, where the Episcopal Church now stands,

was a block of old dilapidated stores and shops, afterwards torn down or moved down street.

Without going farther into particulars, I would particularly mention as greatly adding to the dismalness of this part of the village, that there was a deep gully or chasm in the middle of Seneca street, running between two road-ways, and extending from opposite the Academy down to Mr. White's house. This gully was so broad and deep, a good part of the way, that earriages could not cross from one side of Main street to the other. They were obliged to go above or below in order to cross the street. A gentleman who commanded a military company here at an early day informed me that when undertaking one day to cross this gully on foot at the head of his company, he slipped and fell in; and the fall so wrenched him as to make a dreadful tear in his pantaloons. The tear was so big that when the Captain got up out of the ditch and reached terra firma, instead of marching off at the head of his company as he designed to do, he was obliged to march all alone to the tailor shop and lay up for repairs. I can well conceive how provoked a military man would feel to be thus detained in the shop to have his pants mended, while his company was out on the Green waiting for him to come and drill them. It was a trying position in which to place any man of spirit. Some of you smile; but it is a true story. I had it from the Captain himself; and although he has naturally a long sober face, he could not restrain an audible smile when he told me what an "awful tear" that was in his pantaloons! The word "awful" was used by him, and is not original with me.

The Captain is still living with us, and is quite hale and erect with only a slight stoop of the shoulders, at the advanced age of eighty-three. He is one of our oldest citizens, having come here in 1816. Long may his flag continue to wave!

I am not aware that our village authorities were ever called upon to pay damages for the aforesaid injury to the Captain's pantaloons, but it certainly was a clear case of legal liability, as the corporation was bound in law to keep the street in good order for crossing; nor do I know whether our citizens were taxed to pay the tailor's bill, as the thing happened many years before I came to the place. But if they were not so taxed, they certainly ought to have been, for ours was a much clearer case of public liability than one which occurred at Albany some years ago, in which the State Treasurer paid the tailor's bill for repairing a pair of pantaloons without question, and the Comptroller added the necessary amount to the people's tax. As I am now writing history—and village history certainly forms an integral portion of the history of the State in which the village is situated—it may be well to refer particularly to the facts in the State case, if for no other reason, for the future guidance of our own village authorities, as well as that of other villages about us.

In 1832 a charge was made by his political opponents against a prominent candidate for the office of Governor of this State, that when he was a Judge of the Supreme Court he had debited the State with fifty cents paid by him for "work done to my (his) pantaloons." The State records at Albany showed that his claim had been audited by the Comptroller, and the money repaid to the Judge. One objection to this charge was that it was no part of the State's duty to pay for mending the breeches of the judges, or of any other office holders, in addition to their regular salaries; and that the State was under no more obligations to mend the Judge's old clothes than to buy him new ones. It was also contended by the political opponents of the gubernatorial candidate that although judges when going about the State to hold

courts were entitled, by law, to charge their "traveling expenses," yet that mending their clothes did not properly form a part of such expenses, nor was the cost of such mending legitimate "spoils." This argument, however, was greatly weakened by the circumstance, (the traveling having occurred before convenient locomotion by railroad was common,) that in order to attend the courts, the judges had often to travel over rough, and even corduroy roads, which were particularly calculated to wear out their clothes, and that in the public service.

But still another and a prominent objection was that the charge was "too general," it being for "work done to my pantaloons," without specifying what that work was, or where the pantaloons needed mending, so that the tax-payers could not judge whether the sum charged was reasonable or not. For aught that appeared, the work done was merely taking a stitch or two, or sewing on a single button, and that it would bring on an amount of taxation a little short of ruinous if the State had to pay fifty cents for each and every button sewed on the garments of the office holders. Every man has about two dozen buttons on a suit of clothes, which would make the cost of sewing on the buttons at least twelve dollars for each suit; and this would be a great temptation to tailors and seamstresses to sew on buttons very slightly for the express purpose of getting up a big bill against the State, which was known to be good pay. It was allowed, however, that if the work consisted of re-seating the pants, (the Judge being a large man,) the charge was not unreasonable, particularly if the tailor found the cloth.

I should be giving too large a space for my episode did I mention all the objections, but so formidable were they that some of the judge's friends advised the withdrawal of his name from candidature in the gubernatorial contest. The people, however, took a charitable view

of the case at the election, and regarded the debit of fifty cents in the light of a "lapsus pennae" rather than a deliberate attack upon the State Treasury. Judge Marcy was elected Governor, and at the two subsequent elections he was re-elected to the same office. At the election in 1838, however, he was defeated by William H. Seward, being left in a minority of ten thousand. But higher honors awaited Gov. Marcy, as he was subsequently appointed to places in two different Presidential Cabinets: first as Secretary of War, and next as Secretary of State, in which latter position he evinced great ability as a statesman.

At a convivial meeting of friends many years afterwards, Gov. Marcy explained to the company present the accidental manner in which the obnoxious item of fifty cents crept into his account against the State. In getting out of the stage at a place where he was about to hold a court, he tore his pants badly. Having given them to the hotel-keeper to have them mended, the latter gentleman had paid the expense and charged it in his bill. In settling his account with the Comptroller, Judge Marcy produced his hotel bill duly receipted as a voucher for his traveling expenses, without thinking of or noticing the obnoxious item. Marcy strenuously maintained at this convivial meeting, that it was that tear in his pants that elected him Governor. He advised each gentleman present, should he ever be a candidate for the office of Governor of the great State of New York, that the way to make his election sure would be to have a patch put upon his pantaloons.

CHAPTER IV.

But to return to our main subject. To add to the dismalness of the upper part of our village, in 1827, and for a good many years afterwards, there stood astride the deep gully to which I have alluded, and about opposite to Mr. Ewers's house an old, weather-beaten, forlorn-looking engine-house. If any person will go to the middle of Seneca street opposite to Mr. Ewers's big gate, he will find standing there now in the centre of the traveled road the remains of three posts, which no doubt formed a part of the foundation of the old engine-house, or were connected with it.

I should here add that formerly the high land on the south side of Seneca street above Mr. Wallace Williams's door yard jutted out much further to the north than it now does, and extended as far north as the middle of the present traveled road, making a crook in the road and greatly obstructing the view up street. In looking in that direction from below, your eyes meet this hill. There was also quite a hill in Seneca street opposite to the brick store, which needed a heavy cutting down in order to grade the street. In 1827 there were no such long lines of shade trees bordering the side walks as now. All the old buildings were fully exposed to view, with scarcely a tree or any shrubbery to hide their deformities.

Now if any one, bearing in mind the description I have given of the former state of the upper part of our village, and which in all its main features I know to be correct, will take his stand in the middle of Seneca street, opposite to the Presbyterian church, and look up street, he will not fail to be astonished at the numerous and substantial improvements here made. This part of the village has been completely revolutionized. It is no longer the village it was when I came here. Instead of the

old engine-house astride the gully in the middle of the street, and the old store building at the head of Academy-Green, your eyes meet the elegant residence of Mr. Wallace Williams. Instead of a divided roadway, with one division made crooked by a huge hill jutting out into it and interrupting the prospect, you have now an unobstructed street to near the top of the hill with fine rows of trees on each side; the big hill cut down and earth removed; the gully filled up, and new ditches made and substantially paved on each side of the street; the hill at the brick store cut down, and the street regularly graded; new door-yards created and adorned with trees and shrubbery, extending from the Academy to White's corner and from Clinton street to St. John's boarding hall. All the old buildings from Mr. Safford's fine residence on the hill, which in 1827 consisted of only the wing to the present house down to the Presbyterian church, except two or three small ones, have been renovated and placed in good condition; some of them considerably enlarged, and a number of new buildings erected. Smith's and White's corners have since been greatly improved; the Baptist church erected, and since nicely repaired; the Episcopal church removed from the hill to its present eligible position, and now faced by the fine residence of Mr. Pendleton on the opposite side of the street. There is not now a single business establishment above the brick store. All the buildings about the Old Square, except the Episcopal church edifice and the Academy, are now dwellings.

Many of these improvements have been so gradual that they have not been particularly noticed in the progress and changes of time, and probably never contrasted with the former state of things; and I was not myself conscious of their magnitude until I came to make the contrast in penning these notes.

Numerous and very substantial improvements have been made in other parts of our village, and about sixty new dwellings have been erected here since 1827. You know what decided improvements have been made in our two greatly enlarged hotels. The fine sightly new residences of Mr. Wallace Williams, Mr. Appleton, and Mr. Hinsdell; the thoroughly renovated dwellings of General Patrick (formerly Doctor Taylor's,) and of Mr. Champlin, (formerly Mr. Franklin May's,) together with the fine situations of Judge Edwards, Mr. Moulter, and Mrs. Fleming, and the greatly improved dwelling of Mr. J. C. Smith, (formerly Mr. Randall's,) would be ornaments in any village. St. John's School grand edifice is an imposing addition and ornament to Manlius Village.

It may be asked how could such an obnoxious gully as the one described have been allowed to remain for so many years in the centre of the village, and in such a public street. I can only partially account for it in this way. Originally there were two traveled roadways in Main or Seneca street from near the top of the hill down to White's corner. The north one of these roadways ran considerably north of where the traveled road now is, for the high land extending from opposite to Mr. Selkrigg's house down to Wallace Williams's big gate, before it was cut down, jutted a great deal farther north than it now does. The south roadway, which was the Seneca turnpike, ran on this high land, and so straight down to White's corner. The fences in front of the Cemetery, and all the front fences on the south side of Seneca street down to White's corner, now stand in what was the old traveled turnpike. All the stages to and from the east used to go on the turnpike side of the street, and the Episcopal church, when on the hill, faced the turnpike.

Now between these two roadways, from the Academy

Green down, was the gully I have described. The present ditches on each side of Seneca street had not then been made, and the gully constituted the ditch to carry away the water which came down that street and Cherry Valley street, and the water having passed down in this way for a great many years, the gully was in constant process of enlargement. In 1840 or 1841, the turnpike was abandoned, and the owners of property on the south side of Seneca street were allowed to build fences in front of their residences, inclosing a part of the old turnpike, and this was allowed also on the north side of the Square. Then the old engine-house was removed; the hill up street cut down and the earth carted down street to fill the gully and to grade the street; the hill opposite the brick store was also cut down. The grading of the street involved an immense amount of labor, and also of expense, which was met, in great part, by private subscription. The whole achievement was a big job, nobly engineered by Mr. Azariah Smith, a man who was greatly abused in his day by some people, but whose services were very quickly sought for by those same people when they were in trouble, or had any hard nuts to be cracked.

Another great improvement made in our village, was in paving the open ditches on each side of Seneca street from Clinton street down. The credit of this improvement was also due to Mr. Smith. As in every thing else he undertook, he was very thorough in the superintendence of this work, and in driving it to a successful accomplishment. He took hold himself and made the boys move around pretty lively. The immense volume of water passing down the street at times rendered this a very desirable improvement, or we should have had a great gully on each side of the street. It is much to be regretted that after the village had been to so much trouble and expense in making this great improvement, some

of our citizens should have been allowed to cover these ditches in several places, and that, in such a way as not only to throw the surface water falling on the sides, but the large volume of water coming down from above, into the middle of the street, flooding it at times, and gouging out the roadway.

CHAPTER V.

Our four houses for public worship are in a much more desirable condition than they have been at any former period. The Episcopal church edifice is the oldest, having been erected in 1813. It has been generally admired for its symmetrical proportions. When first built, it was placed on the steep hill above Mr. Williams's house, at the east end of the village. The selection of such an elevated and exposed spot for a church edifice, and one so inconvenient of access, was in accordance with a practice adopted in the first settlement of our western villages, of fixing upon the most sightly position in or near the village plot for the church. The comfort and convenience of worshipers was wholly disregarded and made to give way to a village pride and love for conspicuity, and often, no doubt, to subserve the selfish purpose of speculators. A better judgment and taste have latterly prevailed in this matter; and in the erection of our houses for worship, special regard is now more generally paid to ease and convenience of access, as well as to the centre of population.

In 1832 the Episcopal church edifice was moved down the hill, on wheels, through what is now Mr. Williams's orchard and garden, and placed in its present eligible

position, with its steeple standing, bell hanging, and organ ready for play; "without jarring it so much as to remove a square foot of plastering." To the faithful services and perseverance of our former fellow citizen, and long standing vestryman, Mr. Robert Gilmor, is due much of the credit for the removal of the building to its present convenient site. The lot on which, the church now stands was generously given by Mr. Azariah Smith. The original bell in this church was cracked in 1822, when tolled at the funeral of Mr. Stoughton Morse. It was afterwards recast by Mr Horace Hills at Auburn.

The church edifice has latterly been very decidedly improved in its interior aspect and adornment, by the addition of a recess chancel, enriched with a memorial window, beautiful in design, and very appropriately representing in its central triplet the figure of Saint Luke; placed there in memory of our late estimable friend, most useful citizen, and life-long vestryman, Doctor William Taylor—"the good physician."

The Presbyterian house of worship was built in 1819, and was the second church edifice erected in our village. Like the Episcopal church edifice, it has a remarkably well proportioned steeple. It has been decidedly improved within the last few years, and is now in much better condition than ever before.

The Methodist house of worship, when first built in 1822, stood in the middle of the street on which it now fronts. It formerly faced the south. You had to make quite a turn to the west to pass by it in going from Seneca to Pleasant street. Its change of base, with its other changes both interior and exterior, are very great improvements from its original condition. History informs us that the church edifice, as first built, "was ornamented with a spire; but as it was thought by some of the

congregation to betoken spiritual pride, it was torn down soon after it was built, and in its place was substituted a low tower." In subsequent changes and enlightenment, the tower was supplanted by the present steeple; and now-a-days our good Methodist brethren seem to like nicely carpeted churches, with fine toned organs, loud sounding bells, and good high steeples, as well as any other folks.

The Baptist house of worship was erected in 1828. As first built it was a plain, cheerless, Quaker-looking, two-story frame structure, without exterior architectural pretension or interior adornment. The light was admitted through a double row of old fashioned, rectangular windows all around the four sides of the edifice. There was no bell or steeple, and it had scarcely anything about it but its size to indicate that it was a house of worship. Its original internal construction and finish fully corresponded with its cold and forbidding external appearance. There was a plain heavy gallery all around the four interior sides of the building, reaching back and behind the pulpit, so that those sitting in that part of the gallery could overlook the preacher's manuscript, and see whether he was preaching an old sermon. On entering the auditorium you were obliged to face the whole congregation; and on going into the pew you had to turn clear around in order to face the pulpit and minister. This arrangement was calculated to make modest people go to church in season, so as not to disturb the meeting, although I am not aware that it had that effect.

Now you are fully apprised how much this edifice has been lately improved in all the respects I have mentioned. Our Baptist brethren have now the satisfaction of feeling that they have risen much higher in the world, and of knowing that they have, in the belfry of their nice little steeple, the clearest sounding bell in our village to

proclaim their faith and their progress. Although I do not think their steeple is quite as high from the ground as the Methodist steeple, yet as their building is farther up the hill, I think their steeple reaches a trifle nearer to the sky than does the Methodist steeple; and I confidently expect, that when our Baptist friends repair again, they will make a sure thing of it by adding another story to their steeple, for I know of no good reason why they have not just as good a right to use a little more wood than our Methodist brethren, as they have to use a little more water.

The Episcopal steeple reaches nearer to heaven than any of our churches; which is all right enough, because it is the oldest. But then it is not quite as 'HIGH CHURCH' as it was when it stood on the top of the hill.

CHAPTER VI.

The oldest document in my possession relating to our village, is a subpoena issued by Robert Wilson as a justice of the peace, in 1806. It was found in the hotel of the Messrs. Gilson, at the time the third story was recently added to it. The subpoena is directed to Joel Huntington, Reuben Squires, Thomas McClenthen, Sylvanus Tousley and Youngs Ledyard, all old settlers here, and to one other name I cannot make out. It commands them to appear and testify in a suit between Gerard J. Van Slyke, plaintiff, and John C. Mervin, defendant.

This Robert Wilson was postmaster here in 1803, and still filled that office in 1809. His early history is very interesting. During the revolutionary war he went to Fort Schuyler with Captain Gregg, who was his uncle.

He was then only thirteen years old ; and he was in that fort when his uncle was shot and scalped by the Indians. At the age of eighteen, young Wilson was appointed Ensign ; and soon after received a Lieutenant's commission, and served through the war. He was at the taking of Cornwallis, and had the honor assigned to him of receiving from the captured troops, and taking into his own hands, each one of the forty-two British standards surrendered to the Americans on that memorable occasion.

One of the oldest land-marks in our village is the "Stone House," as it was formerly called, being the building altered, in 1834, for an Academy. Originally it was a two-story building of rough stone, with a good many rooms in it occupied for various purposes. It was so much altered when it was converted into an academic building as to be very unlike what it was originally. Fifty years ago it was probably one of the largest and most important business houses in the village, being fully occupied for stores, shops and offices. Leonard Kellogg had a book store in the east room of the first story, and there was a printing establishment over his store in which several of our village newspapers were printed, at different times, and also books and pamphlets. A part of an old pamphlet came to my hands recently, which was printed in this office fifty-six years ago. The title page reads thus : " A Sermon on the influence of Good and Bad Rulers, by Ebenezer I. Leavenworth, Pastor of the United Congregations of Manlius and Pompey ; published by the request of said societies. Manlius, Printed by Kellogg & Clark, in the Stone House. corner of Seneca and Cherry Valley streets, 1817."

The United Congregations here referred to, were the "Manlius First Church," as it was called, formed at an early period, and whose old house of worship still stands

half way between here and Jamesville, and is now occupied as a barn; and the "Pompey Third Church," at Pompey West Hill, now La Fayette.

Mr. J. Calvin Smith has a perfect copy of this old sermon, which is one of great power, and contains much excellent advice very suitable for our rulers at all times.

I have here also another relic, probably printed in the same printing office in which the sermon was printed. It is a shin-plaster for six and a quarter cents, issued by the Corporation of the Village of Manlius, fifty-six years ago. It is, as you see, in size, about five inches by two; and printed from ordinary types on plain white paper, now considerably discolored. Across the right hand margin is a narrow black border having on it, in white letters, "six and a quarter cents;" and across the left margin is a narrow ornamental border. The bill reads as follows:

The Corporation of the Village of Manlius promises to pay the bearer Six and a quarter ($6\frac{1}{4}$) Cents in current ban bills, on demand. Manlius, May 16, 1816.

H. L. GRANGER, Pres't.

J. O. WATTLES, Treas.

The last letter in the word bank is left out, and leaves the bill payable in Ban bills. You can judge as well as I what kind of money "ban bills" are.

Hezekiah L. Granger, the then President of our village, was a brother of General Amos P. Granger. He was chosen a member of Assembly for this county in 1814, and was appointed Sheriff of the county in 1819. He was a man of talents, and one of the eminent physicians with which our village has been favored.

I have also a twenty-five cent bill issued by the Village Corporation two months after the date of the other bill, and which is got up on much finer paper and in a great deal better style. There is a spread eagle at the

head of the bill, with the words "State of New York" over it; a rising sun at one end and a lion rampant at the other. This bill was sent to me as a curiosity, a few years ago, by a friend residing in the Mohawk country, whither it had probably strayed fifty years ago. It reads thus:

The Corporation of the Village of Manlius promises to pay the bearer, on demand, twenty-five cents in current bank bills at the office of their treasurer. August 9th, 1816.

J. O. WATTLES, Treasurer.

This bill is now an unpaid debt of Manlius Village. It amounts now, with interest for fifty-six and a half years, to \$1.25.

Mr. Wattles was a highly respected citizen of our village; at one time a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and a lawyer of some distinction. He was a brother of Mrs. Prudence Rockwell, Mrs. Seth B. Kellogg, Mrs. Daniel Clark and Mrs. Joseph Smith, all highly respected heads of families and old settlers here, now deceased, and also of Mrs. Hinman, who is still living at Syracuse. Mr. Wattles went to Indiana fifty years ago, and was soon after appointed a Circuit Judge by the Legislature. He died there highly respected. His brother, Simon D. Wattles, went from this place to the Niagara frontier, in the war of 1812, and was killed at the sortie of Fort Erie. His remains were originally interred in the old burial ground, in Buffalo, but were afterwards removed to a beautiful depository of the dead, in the suburbs of that city, called Forest Lawn Cemetery. "There, in an elevated open space, within ground one hundred feet square, slightly enclosed, stands a fine monument of marble, twenty-two feet in height, which was erected by the corporate authorities of Buffalo, in 1852." On the west side of this monument is an in-

scription to the memory of Captain Simon D. Wattles and five other officers of the United States Army, who were engaged in the war of 1812. A short distance from the monument is also a slab over the grave of Captain Wattles, having on it this inscription: "In memory of Captain Simon D. Wattles, of the United States Army, who was killed in the memorable sortie of Fort Erie on the 17th of September, 1814. Ae. 33 years. As a Christian, he was pious and exemplary; as a Soldier, brave and magnanimous; as a Citizen, benevolent and sincere."

Below this inscription, Mr. Lossing says, was a verse of poetry, but it is too much effaced to be deciphered. I regret to say that in all the memorials as given by Mr. Lossing, there is a mistake in calling Capt. Wattles, Simon, instead of Simon, his true Christian name.

Jasper Wood, another of our Manlius soldier boys who went to the Niagara frontier, wrote to a friend in Manlius a letter dated at Black Rock, June 24th, 1813, which contained this passage, rendered particularly interesting from its reference to military operations in Canada, of contemporaneous date:

"Canada remains unconquered, although our troops have possession of Forts George and Erie, and have scouting parties in different directions through the country. The fate of the Upper Province greatly depends on the fate of the lakes. Should we be favored with success, the British land force will be shortly subdued. Unfortunately for our army, our General let slip the most favorable opportunity of taking the enemy. When our army crossed at Fort George, the enemy were in confusion, and our troops in the greatest spirits; but such is the fact, he would not suffer them to pursue the enemy until two or three days after. Then our troops suffered considerably with the loss of two Generals at Forty Mile creek, from which place our troops have since

returned to Fort George. There is confusion with the paroled people of Canada. The British force them into service much against the wills of many. Others are anxious to serve their King."

The dilatory American General, alluded to by the writer of the letter, was General Dearborn, and the statements in this letter are confirmed by published history.

Another of our Manlius boys, who left his stand behind a mercantile counter to march as a soldier to Sacketts Harbor, although complaining a little of lameness from his long march, cheerfully wrote to his brother: "As the saying is, a soldier's life is a merry one; but it does not suit me quite so well as the tape and bobbin establishment, though I like it much better than I expected."

The battle of Queenston was fought in October, 1812. About fifteen years afterwards I visited Queenston Heights, and picked up from the battle ground, near General Brock's monument, this British button, on which is stamped the royal English crown. It will be recollected that the British General Brock received two wounds in that battle from balls sent by the rifles of our American sharp-shooters. The first was a slight wound in the wrist, the other a mortal one in the breast. I claim that the ball which wounded General Brock in the wrist, at the same time cut off this button from his coat sleeve. Assuming this to be so, you will admit that this is a most interesting relic.

Among other old papers which have come to my hands, is a notice signed by H. L. Granger, Secretary, dated June 18th, 1814, sixty-nine years ago, and directed to Mr. Azariah Smith, informing him that he had been appointed one of the committee to make arrangements for the celebration of the Fourth of July; and requesting

Mr. Smith to attend a meeting of the committee at Col. C. Clark's. Col. Clark kept a public house then where Mr. Fox afterwards, and more recently the Warrens, kept tavern, at the corner of Seneca street and the road to Fayetteville.

They used to give strong receipts in former days, as is witnessed by one given 4th of April, 1818, by Uriah Palmer:

"Received of Azariah Smith one dollar in full of all debts, dues and demands, whatsoever name or nature, from the beginning of the world to the end of eternity."

I have also, printed in handbill form, the "constitution of the Manlius Branch Bible Society, adopted at a meeting of citizens holden for the purpose, at the Presbyterian Meeting House in Manlius Village, May 31st, 1821." The first officers of the society were, Rev. H. N. Woodruff, President; Eben Williams, William Eager, and Allen Breed, Vice-Presidents; John Watson, Treasurer; Samuel L. Edwards, Secretary; and twenty-six District Directors.

A pamphlet printed in this village, in 1835, by H. M. Burdick, contains an oration delivered before the citizens of Manlius and the students of the Academy on the 59th anniversary of American Independence, by M. P. Marsh, Esquire.

Another of the old landmarks in our village was the Cotton Factory destroyed by fire some years ago, and which stood where Mr. Tremain's paper mill now stands. The foundation of the main portion of this paper mill is part of the old factory. This factory was erected in 1813. It was built with rough dressed stone, but in numerous parts of the front of the building were placed cut stones in which were carved the initials of the names of those persons in the village who had, during the construction of the building, contributed a bottle of rum or

whiskey for the benefit of the masons. These whiskey monuments were entirely destroyed by the fire, and I have not been able to find a single one to exhibit to you on this occasion.

It was when a lad working in this factory, that the poet, Rockwell, first exhibited his happy genius for rhyming. "While employed in tending a picking machine, he made a small book, on each right hand page of which was a picture of different parts of the factory, and on the opposite page a verse describing it. The outside was a front view of the factory, with an overseer on the foreground dragging a boy towards the door, and under it this verse :

The factory life
Is full of strife ;
I own I hate it dearly ;
And every boy
That they employ,
Will own the same, or nearly.

Another of his juvenile rhymes reads thus :

George Washington
Would like the fun:
(Read this a little louder;)
To go and court
The British fort
With cannon, balls and powder.

CHAPTER VII.

There have been published in Manlius Village, at different times, seven or eight different newspapers. The first paper was printed as early as 1806, by Abram Romeyn, and was called the *Derne Gazette*. Our village once, for a short time, bore the name of *Derne*. This paper only lived about a year. It became so unpopular as to get the name of "the *DARNED Gazette*."

The oldest village paper I have seen is the *Manlius Times*, bearing date July 18th, 1809, and printed by Leonard Kellogg.* Among the advertisements I find the following: "Just published and for sale at the Manlius bookstore, The relation of children of Christian Professors to the church, considered in four sermons, by the reverend Joshua Leonard of Cazenovia. Subscribers for the above are requested to call for their books."

The ladies of our village, at that day, appear to have read novels, as they do now; for I find among the new publications advertised as just received and for sale at the Manlius book store, were, *Romantic Tales*; *The Lovers of La Vendee*, and *Thaddeus of Warsaw*.

A notice by Robert Earll, Sheriff, advertises the sale of some land at the house of Eli Parsons, in Manlius. This Parsons was a leader in Shays's rebellion.

Robert Wilson, Postmaster, gives a list of letters for persons in Manlius, Pompey, and Otisco, showing that the post-office in this village answered for those three towns, and Pompey then included the greater part of La Fayette.

The *Manlius Times* of January 24th, 1815, published the Constitution of the "Auxiliary Bible and Common Prayer Book Society, in the Western District of the State of New York." This society was organized by

* NOTE. —Mr. Kellogg commanded the Rifle Company raised in Manlius Village in the war of 1812.

Episcopalians, who met in this village, January 18th, 1815. Among its officers were the Rev. W. A. Clark, then a clergyman here, Recording Secretary; Azariah Smith, Treasurer, and James O. Wattles and Ralph R. Phelps, two members of a Board of ten Managers.. This Bible Society was organized six years previous to the one mentioned in the hand bill before referred to.

A number of the Onondaga Herald, dated February 28th, 1819, printed and published in this village by Daniel Clark, contained this notice, which recalls an honored name dear to us all. "Doctor William Taylor informs his friends and the public, that he has returned from Cazenovia to this village, and occupies the house formerly owned and occupied by Ralph R. Phelps, Esq. He will endeavor punctually to attend to all calls in the line of his profession. Manlius, February 8th, 1819."

An article in this number of the Herald, taken from the Albany Register, and headed, "Out at Last," reads thus: "We perceive that our neighbor, Mr. Buell, has at length concluded on which side of the fence to stand, in relation to politics. For a few months past, he has sat astride of the upper rail, and has been in apparent doubt on which side to dismount."

A number of the Onondaga County Republican, dated September 12, 1821, published in this village by Thurlow Weed, contains this article, under the editorial head:

"ORDINATION.—Bishop HOBART performed divine service in this village on Wednesday last. The Bishop administered the Communion, and nineteen persons received the ordinance of Confirmation. After the other solemnities were closed, Phineas L. Whipple was ordained, and admitted to the office of Deacon. In the evening a Discourse was delivered by Mr. Whipple."

This paper contains also an interesting account of the last sickness, death, and burial, at St. Helena, of Napoleon Bonaparte.

In another number of his paper, dated March 6th, 1822, Mr. Weed announced the death of OLD GRIMES, in the words of the now venerable old song which first appeared about that time, and the first verse in which read then as it does now :

Old Grimes is dead. That good old man
We never shall see more !
He used to wear a long black coat
All button'd down before.

Most of you probably read in the Fayetteville Recorder, last spring, an obituary notice of old Mother Grimes, and also poetic notices of her wayward son, and her daughter Polly, together with one of old Joseph Grimes, the old man of all, who was probably the first emigrant of the Grimes family to this country. All these notices except one, as I must not forget to say, were written by poets of our own village.

Mr. Weed's paper of March 27th, 1822, contains this notice which will be particularly interesting to our Methodist brethren :

"The quarterly meeting of the Episcopal Methodist Society will be held on Saturday of this week, and the following day, at the new Chapel in this village. We are not insensible of the debt of gratitude we owe our friends for their liberal donations to assist in erecting a house of worship. In adjusting the accounts, we find the concern indebted in the sum of \$438, besides a payment of \$275, on the land. We are equally anxious with the public, that the house should be painted, which will probably cost the further sum of \$160, making in all \$868, which is necessary to be raised to complete the building. Our Church government prohibits the sale or renting of seats as other denominations do, to raise funds. As therefore our seats are all free, we must necessarily appeal to the liberality of our brethren and friends. We have never been disappointed in the mu-

nificence of the public on such occasions, and are induced to believe that our expectations will again be realized."

The Republican of April 3d, 1822, contained this notice under the editorial head: "The Methodist Episcopal Chapel in this village will be dedicated on Friday the 12th day of April instant. Services to commence at eleven o'clock a. m."

In the same paper of April 3d, 1822, Nathan Williams, Postmaster, gives a list of letters remaining in his office April 1st, 1833—eleven years ahead, when many of the persons named were dead, and Mr. Williams was no longer postmaster. Whether this was a mistake of the postmaster or his clerk, or of the printer, I cannot say, but as it was so near the first day of April, it excites a strong suspicion of "*April Fool*" by the printer's devil.

It seems by the following notice that elopements were not unknown in former days: "ELOPEMENT.—Whereas Mahetable, my wife, has eloped from my bed and board without any just cause or provocation; all persons are hereby forbid harboring or trusting the said Mahetable on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting. Manlius, March 13th, 1822.

HAZEL MASTER."

But it is gratifying to state that while some separated, others got married. In the Onondaga Republican of 3d of November, 1824, published by Lawrin Dewey, appeared the following notice:

"Married in this village, on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. H. Woodruff, Daniel C. McClenthen to Miss Annis Bostwick, both of this village."

This old married couple, as I am happy to say, still remain in our immediate neighborhood, and they are as closely united now as they were made to be by the religious ceremony which took place over forty-eight years ago. The Manlius Almanac warns us to look out

for a number of golden weddings "about these days."

I am here tempted to introduce a *jeu d'esprit* which illustrates the good humor of our old, worthy and highly respected neighbor and friend, Elijah Rhoades, who was truly one of the men of mark in our village. C. C. Burr & Co. were merchants here at the time, and came out in the village paper with a flaming advertisement of their immense stock of goods, to which they were constantly receiving great additions. As a set off to their boasting notice, Deacon Rhoades issued this advertisement giving an alphabetical list of his goods :

"BOSTON BREAKING!!! Some of our brother merchants having threatened to buy out Boston!!!, we have determined not to be outdone; and are now receiving, and continually expecting, from Birmingham and Barkhamsted, Paris, Poland and Pompey Hollow, the following valuable additions to our very extensive stock of goods, viz : Apron-strings, axletrees; breeches-buttons, baby-boots; cable-tows, chicken-coops; dandy-shirts, dumpling dishes; easy chairs, edge tools; feather-fans, fat-firkins; grindstones, goose yokes; hogshead-hoops, horn gun-flints; imitation onion seed, itch ointment; jug handles, (with jugs to 'em,) jacketing; key-hole saws, kitchen-tongs; lamp-black, linch-pins; mop-sticks, mill-stones; napkins, noggins; oyster-opener; pitchforks, petticoat pins; quill-wheels, quail traps; rolling pins; ruffle irons; squash-skimmers, sneezing-powders; tooth-sharpeners, tinker-tools; verdigris, vinegar-bottles; wheel-barrows, wooden nutmegs; yarn-sticks, yarn-winders, and Zany caps, for merry-&-draws: all of which, with an innumerable variety of other "*notions*," they will sell as cheap as at another place south of Kamschatka, or west of Constantinople. Manlius, November 7th, 1830.

E. & H. RHOADES."

In the early part of this century, salmon and salmon

trout were to be found in the Limestone creek, but with the settlement and improvement of the country, and diminution of the water in that stream, and particularly since the rapids were arrested by building dams in order to make sites for mills, these fish have retired from our waters.

In July, 1809, an extraordinary and terribly disastrous flood occurred here, of which the following account was published at the time: "INUNDATION.—Great damage has been done in this vicinity by the excessive rains which have fallen since Saturday evening last. It is believed such a flood has never before occurred since the settlement of the country. On Limestone creek, which runs through this village, there is not, perhaps, a bridge left standing. Mills, dams, houses and bridges are promiscuously swept away. Families and neighbors are prohibited a communication in the different villages through which this creek passes; such is the immense body and rapidity of the water. I am informed that the dam, together with a part of the grist-mill, belonging to Mr. Sayles, in this town, has been carried away; and there is but little expectation of saving the grist and saw mills of Messrs. Clark & Jackson, near this village. The extent of this dreadful inundation cannot yet be ascertained. So much have the roads been damaged by this flood, that the Utica mail, which fell due yesterday, was not received until just as the paper was going to press."

CHAPTER VIII.

I shall make no apology to my hearers on this occasion, or to the future readers of my history, for having introduced so many little details of local events and individual action in these papers—trifling and unimportant as to some they may appear. We have high authority for the assertion in regard to biography, that minuteness constitutes its charm and its value; and I claim for a Village History, and particularly for a history of the incipient or early state of a village, a similar literary position. Such a history, although more or less instructive to all classes, is intended especially for the information and entertainment of the descendents and successors in position of the early fathers and founders, to whom these items, these little incidents in the lives of their departed predecessors and friends, and even the mere incidental mention of their names in these details, become trebly interesting and useful, from the reverence and gratitude which they excite; from the events of past days which they recall to the mind; and from the stimulation to thought and reflection which they occasion. As, therefore, I do not write for the general public, I do not feel accountable to that public for the exercise of my judgment or my taste in the selection of my materials. I shall therefore proceed in my own way with another chapter in my Village History.

Among the curious characters once residing in our neighborhood were the Hermit and Tom Webber. Tom was a little man, and used to clean our wells, for which he had a remarkable faculty. He would go to the bottom of our deepest wells, and scrape up and fill more buckets with old tin cups, rusty tin dippers, broken

crockery, old dishcloths and other debris; and keep a person at the mouth of the well longer and harder at work in pulling up and emptying the buckets, than any other man. He had a remarkable aptitude for exploring and making discoveries of foreign matter in those subterranean regions, and would often remain so long below, after finishing his job, as to excite a strong suspicion that he was stopping there to wash his feet before coming up into the world again! As an expert well-cleaner, Tom was a useful citizen; and the people of our village have undergone very great inconvenience, for many years, for want of a good workman in his line. But Tom had many faults. He *would* get tipsy. He would often greatly disturb the neighborhood by his noises, and use foul language; and withal, he was, under all circumstances, stubborn as a mule.

An amusing instance of his mulish obstinacy is well remembered by one of our citizens. He was in Mr. Hopkins' store one day, and used very unbecoming language there, in presence of a lady who was making some purchases. For this, Mr. Hopkins chided him; and required Tom to make an apology for his rude conduct. This, Tom would not do. Mr. Hopkins thereupon took down a rawhide, and used it on Tom's back with a hearty good will, occasionally stopping to give Tom a chance to make his apology. But as Tom continued to be mum, Mr. Hopkins renewed his labors of reform by the thorough application of his horsewhip, and gave his victim such a castigation as scarcely ever was before given to man or beast. But it was all to little purpose; for while Mr. Hopkins, with the perspiration running down his face, became exhausted by his great labors, and had finally to give up his job, Tom stood there, erect as a sloop's mast, and cool as a cucumber! The hide of no rhinoceros could have stood such a flagellation better

than did Tom's hide. Tom made no apology at the end of the affair; having, no doubt, made up his mind that to take such a drubbing and make an apology too, would be paying a debt twice; and he had no idea of being taken in by merchant Hopkins in that way.

The further story is told about Tom, that being once arrested by a constable for some offence, he was pinioned and tied for safe keeping to a post in a cellar. The officer had occasion to leave him in this condition for a short time, and on his return found that his bird had taken flight. Tom, as the story goes, had gnawed off the rope which tied him to the post, and made his escape. The next that was seen of the gentleman, Thomas Webber, Esquire, was walking in the streets of Manlius Village, with the dignified tread of a freeman!

What if Tom *was* a British deserter in the War of 1812, did he not come over from Canada, and enlist here and fight under the stars and stripes? and was not such a patriot *entitled* to his liberty?

But by far the most interesting character in our neighborhood was the Hermit. He had his cabin in the woods on Dry Hill, where he led the solitary life of a recluse for many years. Common report assigned, as the cause of his solitary life, that he had been crossed in love. He used to visit our village occasionally with staff in hand, and a long cape over his shoulders, which probably once belonged to an old great coat. He called at my office one summer day, walked in without knocking, and with almost stealthy move came to the table where I was sitting. I was conscious that some object had entered the room, but as I was busy, I did not look around or see him until he came close to me. He wished to know whether I had any money for him. I told him, No; as was the fact. He said he was informed that I had

several hundred dollars belonging to him. I asked him who told him so. He said a sperrit—that a sperrit came into his cabin one night, while he was lying on his bed, and told him that I held this money for him, and that he could get it by calling on me for it. I asked him if he saw the sperrit. He said he did; he saw the sperrit come in the door. I told him it was a lying sperrit. He said it must be so if I said it, and went his way.

The poor old man had saved a small sum of money, I think about \$150, which he had loaned to a merchant in Fayetteville. The merchant failed in business, and the hermit lost it all. His cabin soon after burned down, and I understand that some of his friends living in the East came and took him away.

But I must not forget to repeat an anecdote concerning one of the ancient ladies of our village, an old maid.

Formerly a small frame dwelling house stood on Seneca street, between the house of Doctor T. A. Moore and the one next east of it. In this dwelling, during the latter days of its existence, there resided two elderly ladies, Mrs. Dunham and her maiden sister, Miss Nancy Barker. One day, about noon, a cloud of smoke from the garret pervaded the premises, revealing the unwelcome fact that a fire had broken out in that part of the building. In her alarm and perplexity, Miss Nancy rushed down to the store of Smith & Hopkins, where she found Mr. Joseph Smith. She inquired of him whether Mr. Hopkins was in. Mr. Smith replied that he was not, and asked the lady whether he could not wait upon her as well as Mr. Hopkins. Miss Barker said he could not. It should here be remarked that the lady had great confidence in Mr. Hopkins, who had usually attended to her business. After waiting for some time, Mr. Hopkins not having yet appeared, Mr. Smith again approached the lady, and asked her if he

could not attend to her business. Miss Nancy replied, "perhaps you can," and deliberately added, "Mr. Smith, I do really believe that our house is on fire." Mr. Smith at once hurried out of doors, but before he reached the house he saw the flames bursting from the roof. The building was entirely destroyed. The fire had made its destruction certain while Miss Nancy was taking her own time to tell her story.

NOTE.—I am the happy possessor of Miss Barker's autograph : also of the autographs of a large number of our "Old Settlers," including that of the first white child born in the County of Onondaga, much of whose early wedded life was passed in our Village.

CHAPTER IX.

Manlius Village has not been wanting in citizens of poetic and artistic genius, of diversified talents, decided patriotism, great professional skill, and of executive and administrative ability of a high order.

It was here that James O. Rockwell first displayed his poetic genius. Cut down at the early age of twenty-four, "he died too young to have developed all his powers of mind, and yet old enough to have marked him as one of rich, touching, pure, and high gifts. Born a poet, there was chivalry in all his thoughts, and he was endued with native sensibilities of whatever was sublime, touching, and beautiful. As a true poet, his eye was open, and his ear alive to every hue and sound in nature ; and he deeply quaffed the waters of those swelling founts, which, while they refine the heart, do steal away its stern and stronger substance."

Among his other productions, was a prize poem published in one of the annuals of his day. Commencing his career as a compositor in a printing office, he became associate editor of a newspaper in Boston, and afterwards was sole editor of the Providence Patriot, at which place he died June 4th, 1831.

A beautiful poem was inscribed to his memory by the poet Whittier; and the name of James O. Rockwell, with some selected specimens of his poetic effusions, has an honored place in Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America.

Among our native artists, I may make admiring but melancholy mention of Jeremiah Nims, a promising painter, also cut off in very early life. A mural tablet to his memory may be seen in the Episcopal church edifice, in our village, placed there by a gentleman of refined taste, a resident of Canandaigua, where young Nims had pursued his studies. This gentleman became so deeply interested, by the proofs, under his own eye, of the promising talents of the youthful artist, as to volunteer this tablet to his memory. The inscription is in these words: "To the Genius and Worth of J. Nims, Artist, 1842."

Another of our native artists, Augustus Rockwell, brother of the poet, is an admirable portrait painter, now most successfully practicing his art in the city of Buffalo. High evidences of the skill of this self-taught artist are to be seen in our village, and I have three of them in my own dwelling.

Another of our native boys of whom we have reason to be proud was Azariah Smith, Junior. At the age of eighteen, with the prospect of a joyous life before him, he waived its enticements, and yielding to the counsels and wishes of Godly parents, he consecrated himself, soul and body, to the great work of Christian Missions in

heathen lands. Inheriting a good share of the tenacity of purpose, steady application, and persevering energy of his remarkable father, our late honored fellow citizen, Azariah Smith, he devoted nearly seven years to the most diligent and thorough preparatory study, to make sure his competency and usefulness in the missionary field of Western Asia, whither he embarked in November, 1842.

To insure his greater usefulness as a clergyman, he had, before leaving his native country, by a proper course of study, made himself a competent physician; and for the same useful purpose, on his arrival at the field of his future labors, he studied and mastered several foreign languages—Turkish, Arabic and Armenian.

In that distant land, he, for about nine years, performed the most arduous, self-denying and perilous labors in the great cause in which he had embarked, leaving, at his sudden death, at the early age of thirty-five, an enviable reputation, scarcely second to any of his distinguished predecessors in the missionary field.

The editors of a standard Review said of him: "As the author of valuable papers on Meteorology and Syrian Antiquities, published in the American Journal of Science, Azariah Smith, Junior, took rank with the best scholars in the land."

Of the medical profession, I need only give you the endeared name of Doctor William Taylor, for more than fifty years a highly successful practicing physician here, and honored throughout the State as one standing at the very head of his profession.

Although delicacy will prevent me from giving the name, yet truth will recognize the fact, that we have now living among us a descendant of one of the most honored of our deceased citizens, who, in connection with his position in the medical profession, is recognized as

one of the best chemists in the State. When anything occurs, in any part of our State, requiring minute chemical investigation, they send to our little retired village of Manlius to find a man to do it.

In law, our late fellow citizen, Nicholas P. Randall, occupied a prominent position among the great jurists and advocates of the State. And we might here also lay some claim to James R. Lawrence, another of our great lawyers, who here pursued his legal studies, and commenced practice in his profession.

For commanding business talents, sound judgment, rare faculty in the combination of numbers, and for consummate legislative and executive ability, we point with pride to Azariah Smith, Senior.

In the war of 1812 a rifle company was organized here, commanded by officers who were then residents of this village; and we furnished a Major General for the army of the Union, in the late slaveholder's rebellion.

The rifle company to which I have referred, was in the battle of Queenston, and among the few brave militia that crossed the river. This company behaved with great gallantry, and received the approbation and thanks of the commanding officer on that occasion.

Captain Simon D. Wattles, of this village, as I have before observed, was killed in the memorable sortie of Fort Erie, in September, 1814; and his name has an honored place on the fine monument erected at Buffalo, by the corporate authorities of that city, in memory of the gallant officers of the United States Army who fell in the war of 1812.

Citizens of our village have, for fourteen years, been members of the Assembly, the lower house of our State Legislature. They have, for fifteen years, been members of the Senate of this State. One of them, Doctor William Taylor, was for six successive years a member of

the House of Representatives of the United States : and one of our former and early citizens, General Granger, occupied the same station for four years. Our village has furnished to our county, citizens who have filled, and some of them repeatedly, the various offices of Sheriff, County Clerk, Surrogate, and Judges and First Judges, with numerous other offices of trust and responsibility. We have furnished, in a former citizen, Hervey Rhoades, a Superintendent of the Onondaga Salt Springs ; and in another former citizen, brought up here, Addison Gardner, a Lieutenant Governor of the State of New York. We have furnished to the city of Syracuse some of its earliest and most competent business men ; to the city of New York many enterprising and honorable merchants ; and men of high integrity and business talents to other parts of our country.

In 1824, our then prominent citizen, Azariah Smith, was appointed by the Legislature of this State an Elector of President and Vice President of the United States.

While our village enjoys the honor of having furnished so many prominent actors in public affairs, and in those matters which constitute the history, not only of the Village and Town of Manlius, but of the County of Onondaga, and the State of New York ; so also to one of our recently deceased citizens, the honorable Joshua V. H. Clark, is justly due the credit of having prepared the best, and indeed the only minute and authentic published history of the County of Onondaga, and of its several towns, and of these regions.

In 1846, a popular election was held in this State to choose delegates to a Convention to frame a new State Constitution. It was designed that this body should be composed of the best and most eminent citizens of the State ; men qualified, by their intelligence, their talents, and abilities for constitutional construction, their sound

judgment, high integrity and patriotism, for the just discharge of its important duties. This County of Onondaga was entitled to four delegates in that convention. The county contained then, besides the large city of Syracuse, seventeen towns, and more than fifty villages, and a population of upwards of seventy thousand. Under these circumstances, *two* of these four delegates, to which this county was entitled in that Constitutional Convention, were taken from this little village of Manlius. Doctor William Taylor and Elijah Rhoades, gentlemen of opposite party politics, were those two honored delegates. If any village, town, or city in the State of New York, with a similar population of one thousand, can show a better record than this, we will be happy to have them do so.

I desire here also to bear grateful testimony to the decided usefulness and Christian worth of two most excellent ladies of this village, who went to their final reward many years ago. I allude to Mrs. Laura Huntington and Mrs. Prudence Rockwell. In the hours of trial and sickness, their friendly and faithful services could ever be depended on at a moment's warning. They were truly Mothers in Israel.

But, my friends, all of the worthy, useful, and eminent old citizens I have named, are now in their graves. Most of them are here interred ; and one of the duties devolved on us, is to honor and adorn the grounds which contain those graves. I deeply regret that the remains of our esteemed and highly respected old citizen, Elijah Rhoades, do not lie in the same graveyard with those of his old friends. I understand that while on his death bed, the mention of the name of Manlius called forth from him an expression of love for his old neighbors, and brought tears to his eyes. He died and was buried at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. I trust that his remains will

yet be removed to our own old cemetery, and his grave have a place among those of so many of his early and life-long friends.

Our village acquired, at one time, a highly respected and commanding character for one of its size, not only for the marked intelligence and influence of quite a number of its prominent citizens, but from the high position and success of the old Academy. This character, so far at least as the advantages of education are concerned, will now probably be renewed in a more decided and advanced form by the new St. John's School. The high discipline and thorough standard of education here established and carried into operation, must make this school a regular and permanent feeder to our colleges; and the intercourse which will naturally grow up, and increase between its Teachers and the Presidents and Professors of our Colleges, as well as other gentlemen of letters, will become a novel and interesting feature in our future Village History.

Last year they had in Pompey what they called a Re-union of the old inhabitants of that town and their descendants. As I was not born in Pompey, and never lived there, I did not suppose that I had any business to go to their Re-union, so I did not go up. I understand that they had a nice time; and I am glad of it. But in looking over their brags and proceedings, as published in the papers, I did not see any notices taken of Manlius, or of her old settlers and remarkable men. I am sorry, therefore, that I did not go up, and state, in answer to the challenge there given, what I have said here in vindication of their characters and their memory; for with all the good luck and reputation of our Pompey neighbors, I must be allowed to say, that they have had no such business giants as Azariah Smith; no more intelligent merchants than Elijah Rhoades; no such great law-

yers as Nicholas P. Randali; and no such eminent physicians as Doctor William Taylor. Manlius is ahead!

There are very few villages in the State of New York that are surrounded by a greater number of attractive objects, worthy of the attention of visitors and tourists as well as of our own citizens, than the Village of Manlius. The fine views from our hills are remarkable for their number, their beauty, and their extent. Our two water-falls, so very near the village, although shorn by inappreciative hands, of much of their former wild, picturesque, and commanding scenery, are still very beautiful, and well worthy of repeated visits. Then there are higher up in West Limestone Creek, the remarkable falls known as Pratt's Falls—a sheet of water beautifully passing down an almost perpendicular precipice of one hundred and forty feet, and presenting, particularly in high water, a magnificent appearance. There are very interesting falls also in Butternut Creek, near Jamesville, and two very beautiful and romantic falls in East Limestone Creek, near Delphi. The commanding falls in Chittenango Creek are as high, if not higher, than Pratt's Falls, with a greater body of water.

We have also, in our immediate neighborhood, the Green Ponds of De Witt, with their romantic Indian history; and the two sisters or Siamese Green Lakes, in our own town; also the Deep Spring of Indian fame; the two Ice-holes, where ice may be found throughout the year; and the splendid elevation and beautiful groves of "Anderson's Woods."

We can dig for ancient Indian and French relics, barbarian and Christian, in Indian Hill; and in the sites of numerous Indian graveyards and old forts near us in Pompey, where no doubt still lie embedded, if not Cardiff giants, at least antiquities of rare interest which are genuine.

And here I may properly step aside to express my regret at the inconsiderateness of early days, in not making, at the proper time, a collection of the numerous Indian and French relics found in this neighborhood; and over the mistaken generosity of our old citizens, in sending these historic curiosities to New York, Albany, New Haven, and other places, instead of preserving them here. But for this misconceived generosity, that rare object of interest found in this neighborhood, fifty years ago, and known as "The Onondaga Stone," now three hundred and forty-six years old! would here grace our Academic Halls, instead of occupying a foreign position in the Albany Institute.

But to return to our subject. There can be taken from Manlius Village pleasant excursionary rides to various interesting points and objects, other than those above named, and among them, to Cazenovia Lake; to Chittenango Springs; to Oneida Lake; to the DeRuyter Reservoir; to the villages around us, and to Syracuse; and there are facilities for communication by various railroads with all parts of the State.

In our vicinity may also be found two caves. The one most extensively explored is known to contain many specimens of dog-tooth spar, stalactites, and stalagmites. This cave was closed many years ago, on account of real or supposed danger to the lives of visitors. The other cave is described as a great singularity. It is several hundred feet deep, but has never been thoroughly explored. It is a standing invitation or challenge to enterprise and hazard to explore its hidden recesses.

Of all the various and numerous curiosities and places of resort to which I have referred, Manlius Village is the geographical centre, with convenient access to all of them.

But as "of all elements of scenery, water is the most

various in character, and capable of the greatest diversity of effect," so those singular bodies of water known as the Green Lakes, or Green Ponds, constitute the rarest natural scenery in our neighborhood, and they have received the greatest attention of our geologists, and other learned and scientific men.

A distinguished geologist thinks that the deep green color of the water is probably owing to the partial decomposition of the sulphureted hydrogen which it holds in solution. Another writer seems to think that this apparent greenness is occasioned by the reflection of the dense evergreen wood which surrounds these lakes on all sides; for, when taken up from the surface in a glass, the water is perfectly clear and transparent, and good also to the taste, although, when drawn from the depths below, it has a strong sulphurous taste, and a thorough brimstone odor.

The bowl-like form of the hollows containing these lakes, suggests to visitors the idea that they occupy the craters of old volcanoes. But the more settled opinion of geologists seems to be, "that these basins have attained their present form by the subsidence or dropping down of a circular area, forming a broad pit with precipitous sides. The draping of the steep banks with woods, and the collection of rain and spring water in them until they are half filled, complete the process by which nature would seem to have formed these mimic craters and their still lakes."

A long and highly interesting article in regard to these lakes, from the pen of an observant visitor, appeared a number of years ago in the Knickerbocker Magazine. Another article appeared in the Philadelphia Register. During the sitting of the Convention of American geologists, in New York city, a few years ago, Mr. Ledyard Lineklaen, a gentleman of intelligence and research from

Cazenovia, now no more, read a paper on the Green Lakes of Manlius, which excited a great deal of attention from the convention. The elder Professor Silliman has also noticed them in his Scientific Journal.

Doctor L. C. Beck, in that great work, The Natural History of New York, introduces into the department of mineralogy this mention of one of our Green Lakes, described in geological reports and scientific tours as Lake Sodom:

“Water drawn from the depth of 168 feet was found to be strongly charged with sulphureted hydrogen. On being afterwards tested, it blackened nitrate of silver powerfully, and gave copious precipitates with solutions of oxalate of ammonia and muriate of barytes, indicating the presence of sulphureted hydrogen and sulphate of lime. Its specific gravity was scarcely above that of distilled water, and it contained not even a trace of oxide of iron. Thus we have here an immense natural sulphur bath: a fact which exhibits, in a most striking manner, the extent and power of the agency concerned in the evolution of this gas.”

Our late fellow citizen, Mr. J. V. H. Clark, in his history of Onondaga, and also in several communications to the newspapers, has taken a good deal of notice of our Green Lakes. In one of his newspaper articles he mentions the interesting fact, that about fifteen years ago a young man from Syracuse committed suicide by drowning himself in one of the Green Ponds in DeWitt. Upon the most thorough search, at the time of his disappearance, his body could not be found; having, no doubt, been carried to the bottom by the weights he had attached to it. Nearly two years afterwards the body was found floating on the surface of the lake in a complete state of preservation. “The cold temperature at the bottom, and the sulphurous substances with which

at that depth the water is impregnated, prevented decomposition and decay."

In going to our Green Lakes, from this village, I should advise visitors to go over Dry Hill, and for variety sake, after visiting "*Lake Sodom*," return by way of "*Satan's Kingdom*."

CHAPTER X.

To Manlius Village belongs the honor of having held the first public meeting in the Union, at which, in advance of the great Presidential contest of 1828, DeWitt Clinton was nominated as a candidate for the office of President of the United States. This meeting was held in Bickford's Hotel; and Doctor William Taylor, Nicholas P. Randall, and Col. John Sprague were among its most prominent actors. The resolutions adopted were drawn up by the former gentleman, a task for which he was eminently qualified by his intelligence and political experience, and by his great partiality for the illustrious statesman thus nominated; and the proceedings of that Manlius Village meeting had a wide spread publication and circulation. A portion of those present withdrew to another room in the hotel, and there nominated General Jackson for President.

Little did those joyous and sanguine friends of Clinton then anticipate the early and providential affliction which at this time awaited them; for it was only a few weeks after this auspicious nomination was made, that the bells of our village churches were solemnly tolled, at an early

hour of the morning, on receipt of the melancholy intelligence of Governor Clinton's sudden death at Albany.

General Jackson and John Quincy Adams then became the candidates of their respective friends for the presidency ; and the canvass was a very exciting one. Many of the leading Clintonians, upon the loss of their favorite candidate, became supporters of Jackson ; for it was well understood that Jackson entertained very favorable views of Clinton ; and did not the General, not a long time before, at a grand festival got up in his honor in Tammany Hall, either in ignorance of New York politics and of the political topography of that Hall, or in the exercise of that independence for which he was noted, rise in his place, and there, to the utter dismay and consternation of the old Bucktails and Anti-Clintonian Sachems there assembled, give as a toast :—"DeWitt Clinton, Governor of the great and patriotic State of New York."

A novel practice was introduced that year for the first time, of calling upon the militia soldiers, at their military parades, to express their preferences between the two presidential candidates. This practice was highly reprehensible, and unfair also, particularly where one of the candidates was a noted military chieftain, and the other a plain civilian.

At a company drill in Main street, the officer in command requested all those members of the company who were in favor of Jackson for President to move forward three paces. About three-fourths of the men stepped forward. But the standard bearer, a tall man, standing erect and holding the staff to which were attached the Stars and Stripes, was an Adams man, and he and the rest of the company stood their ground. So the Adams boys, although greatly provoked at the taking of a political vote under such circumstances, got the rig on the

Jackson boys by charging them with *deserting their colors*.

But the men were not to blame for introducing the shameful practice to which I have adverted. It was a political trick to get men to commit themselves to a particular candidate, for which the officers of the company, or their superiors, alone were responsible, and of which they ought to have been heartily ashamed.

At that period, the voting in this State occupied three days' time, and the whole town was one election district. DeWitt then formed a part of Manlius. On Monday morning the poll was held at Jamesville; in the afternoon at Orville; on Tuesday morning at Britton's Settlement, now Collamer; in the afternoon at Manlius Centre; on Wednesday morning in this village; and in the afternoon at Fayetteville. Those of us who attended all of these places had a hard time of it. It was necessary to watch the polls at all these places, for illegal voters would go to a distant part of the town where they were not known, and watch an opportunity to slip in their votes when they were not noticed by the challengers. A Pompey man went to Britton's Settlement, in the extreme north part of the town, and voted the Jackson ticket. Twenty years afterwards I made him confess his rascality in open court. I brought a suit on a note for Mr. Clement of Pompey. The maker of the note plead usury, and called upon this Pompey rascal to prove the usury. On my cross examination, he stated that he lived in Pompey, and how long he had lived there. But, said I, you did not live there in 1828. "Yes I did," was the answer. But, said I, you voted in Manlius that year. He saw I had caught him, and had to answer "yes." This confession of his fraudulent rascality, on the top of a character not over and above sound for truth, destroyed his testimony, and my client, Mr. Clement, gained his suit.

In submitting these notes relating to the history of our village and its former inhabitants, I should be guilty of neglect and do great injustice, did I fail to make special mention of the wise, considerate, and liberal action of a number of our old citizens now in their graves, in establishing the Manlius Academy. It was in 1834, that decisive steps were first taken to accomplish this object. Prominent among those of our citizens who zealously entered into this project, were Azariah Smith, Nicholas P. Randall and Doctor William Taylor; and these gentlemen were selected as the first temporary board of trustees. Under an act of the Legislature incorporating Manlius Academy which passed that body April 13th, 1835, Mr. Smith, Mr. Randall and Doctor Taylor, together with Silas Williams, Peter R. Reed and the four clergymen of the village, namely, Algernon S. Hollister, Carlos Smith, David Bellamy and R. Houghton, became the first permanent Board of Trustees.

A considerable sum was raised by voluntary subscription in the village and among farmers in the neighborhood, and the present Academy grounds purchased. To enlarge the original grounds, the dwelling house now occupied by Mr. Elijah E. Smith, which then stood close to the Academy building, was removed to its present position.

I have described to you what a dismal-looking building the old "Stone House" was, before it was turned into an Academy. With a view to such conversion, it was thoroughly overhauled and substantially repaired, the rooms re-arranged, and newly papered and painted, the outside plastered and painted, and a third story and belfry added to it; and it was thus made a very respectable building. Although somewhat singular in its outward appearance, so much so that Mr. Azariah Smith, in a communication to the Regents of the University, amu-

singly said that a stranger in looking at it would be apt to ask "what's that?", it served a most excellent purpose, and there were, at that time, very few academic buildings in the State that surpassed it in convenience. I ought not here to omit stating the fact, that while Mr. Azariah Smith made the largest subscription in the first instance, he, several years afterwards, most generously canceled, without payment, a mortgage for over seven hundred dollars which he held against the academic property. This he did to enable the institution to come under the oversight and visitation of the Regents of the University, which could not be done while its property was under incumbrance.

Instruction in the Academy was commenced in May, 1835, with fifty scholars in the male and sixty in the female department. The catalogue, at the end of the first year, shows an attendance of 139 males and 105 females, making a total of 244.

One reason why the institution started with so large a number of scholars probably was that there having been no Academy here before, a large number were ready to enter the institution at the outset, and some entered it at a more advanced age than is usual.

The institution, whose commencement was so flattering, continued to prosper for many years, and so as that, in the course of the year 1840, there were in attendance 274 different students, 62 of whom studied the languages.

The collection of minerals was commenced at this time, composed not only of specimens found in this region, but of many brought by students from distant places and different States, and some from foreign lands. Each specimen was numbered and entered in a book with the donor's name; and the whole formed an interesting cabinet.

The multiplication of Academies about us ; the large number of scholars who only attended the winter term ; the great difficulty of procuring boarding places in our village, with a desire for very cheap board ; the consolidation of school districts, with the institution of graded schools ; the increased salaries of teachers and consequently of tuition fees, rendered necessary by the changes of the times, with the increase of the expenses of such institutions for fuel and other necessities ; the desire for cheap schools ; and finally the war of the Rebellion, and the subsequent introduction of the system of free schools, so diminished the number of candidates in this vicinity for academic instruction and classical education, that, having no endowment fund to fall back upon and no religious organization to give it special support, Manlius Academy could no longer be sustained. We have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that it has accomplished an immense amount of good in the days of its prosperity ; and many of our young men and young women, married and unmarried, both here and elsewhere, have great reason to be grateful to the founders of Manlius Academy for the education they received in that institution.

It is to be hoped that our boys and girls now attending the schools about us will be as much benefited by the instruction they may receive as were the students of Manlius Academy where they were educated. Whatever new systems have been or may be got up, in the judgment of our best educators, the necessity for the Classical Academy, as an intervening disciplinary institution between the early schools and the College, can never be superseded by novel or partial courses of study, or by any short roads to learning. According to one of our most distinguished College Presidents, "good Academies are the great educational wants of the country in all the States south of New England."

It is with pleasure that I here refer to an instance, in our village history, of great liberality on the part of a gentleman who was formerly a citizen here, and at one time a member of Manlius Academy, but is now a resident of Brooklyn in this State, although successfully engaged in business in the city of New York. I allude to the generous contributions amounting to about eighteen hundred dollars, made about two years since, by Mr. Hayden W. Wheeler, toward the enlargement and improvement of our Union School edifice, and to which liberal gifts he has recently made another contribution of valuable philosophical apparatus.

Having formed a law-partnership with the late Nicholas P. Randall, I removed to this village on the 30th day of November, 1827, with my family; consisting of a young wife, a few law books and a small jag of furniture. We took board at first in the pleasant family of Doctor Taylor, who then resided in the since greatly improved dwelling of General Patrick. We remained with them about two months, when we commenced house keeping, on a small scale, in the story and a half house which then stood where Mr. Wallace Williams now lives. The main part of the house I first occupied now forms the east end of Mr. Chauncey D. White's house, having been removed there when Mr. Richardson built the Williams house.

There is a piece of romantic history connected with the dwelling house in which I first lived. It had been owned and occupied by Ralph R. Phelps, for many years a practicing lawyer in our village. He had an interesting and accomplished daughter. Richard H. Hopkins and Charles Williams were at the same time clerks in different stores in the village. They were both worthy young men and good friends. Unfortunately, and perhaps fortunately, they both fell in love with Miss Phelps.

The charms of this lady had bewitched them both. Mr. Hopkins carried the day, and married Miss Phelps. Mr. Hopkins was taller than Mr. Williams, and some ladies prefer a tall gentleman for a husband. However this may be, Mr. Williams, instead of going crazy and buying a pistol and shooting Hopkins, as folks would be apt to do now-a-days, like a man of sense as he was, went and courted another lady and married her. The modern doctrine of matrimonial affinity was then unknown, and Mr. Williams was not so stupid as to think that there was only one woman in the world good enough to be his wife. Mr. Hopkins, who was still residing in Manlius when I came here, afterwards removed to Chautauque county and went into business there. Mr. Williams went to New York, and after serving as a clerk there for a while, entered into mercantile business in that city on his own account. Several years afterwards, Mr. Hopkins, having failed in business where he was, went to New York and first became clerk for Mr. Williams, and then entered into partnership with him. In process of time, Mr. Williams lost his wife, and became a widower. By this time the oldest daughter of Mr. Hopkins had arrived at marriageable age, and Mr. Williams, although then more than twice as old as Miss Hopkins, courted and married her. So, although he lost the mother as a wife, he afterwards gained the daughter, who was the image of her mother, as a loving wife; and they do say that Miss Hopkins made a handsomer bride than her mother.

Having spoken of Mr. Charles C. Richardson as having built the fine house of Mr. Wallace Williams, I may here stop a moment to drop a tear to his memory. He took especial pains in building the house on the hill, making it the most thorough-built dwelling in our village, and no doubt looking forward to many pleasant and social

days to be spent under its roof. The sad close of his once prominent career is known to you all. He was naturally a man of the most cheerful and generous temperament and disposition, and had a large circle of friends.

I regret to be obliged here to say that the citizens of our village have never been sufficiently alive to the fine natural scenery about us; they have therefore neglected it, and suffered much of it to be destroyed. I never go to the summits of our hills, at the proper season, or take my friends there, without having my surprise excited that I do not go there more frequently to enjoy the magnificent views there presented. In the many country places I have visited, I have found but few which are surrounded by finer natural scenery than is our own retired little village. This is the general testimony of strangers who have visited us. To what degree the poetic genius of James O. Rockwell was quickened by his rambles over our hills, through our valleys and around our waterfalls, we cannot say, but we know that such scenes are calculated to awaken thought and excite poetic inspiration; and we know that during his youthful residence here, his pen first displayed his talent for rhyme, and that his more mature poems furnished ample evidence of his partiality for country scenery.

Our waterfalls have had a reputation for loveliness abroad, in defiance of extraordinary neglect at home. Those in the West Branch of Limestone Creek, with the beautiful woodland scenery which surrounded them when I came here, forty-five years ago, presented one of the most charming views in the world. When in Boston many years ago, an accomplished lady of that city, the daughter of one of the most distinguished Presidents of Harvard College, spoke to me in the highest terms of admiration and praise of those waterfalls. In traveling through this part of the State, many years ago, on her

return from a visit to Niagara, she stopped over at Syracuse and took a special conveyance to Manlius, expressly to visit those romantic falls, of which she had heard so much. She declared to me that there had been no exaggeration in all she had heard of their rare and romantic loveliness and beauty. At that time there stood on the north side of the West Falls a beautiful grove of forest trees, with charming openings for picnics and other out-door festivals, as well as for Fourth of July celebrations. Here I heard, on one occasion, the clarion voice of a Methodist Bishop addressing a large crowd of attentive and excited hearers assembled in "Camp Meeting." I well recollect the strongly sympathizing responses, of his female hearers more especially, when their Chief Pastor vindicated the doctrine of infant baptism. The assembled human forms, moving about amid the wild and attractive surrounding objects of nature, and in hearing of the plunging waterfall, presented a most beautiful and enrapturing scene. In connection with the silver sheet of water beautifully passing down the precipice, from a height of seventy-two feet into the abyss below, that grove of trees rendered perfect the charming picture of nature.

One day, on going up with some lady visitors to view those falls, I was surprised, beyond measure, to find this beautiful grove entirely destroyed. I had not before heard of it. All the trees had been cut down, leaving nothing but shaggy and ungainly stumps to represent the green and beautifully branching forest trees which once adorned that lovely spot. I could scarcely credit my senses when I surveyed the desolate ground. The destruction of this grove occasioned a loss to our village which can never be replaced. That grove should have been owned by the village, and preserved in its natural pristine beauty through all time.

Our Mineral Springs at one time were receiving a good deal of attention, and had become quite a resort for invalids, but their fate has been even more unfortunate than that of the wooded scenery about our waterfalls. Had the proprietor of the Elk-horn Springs, instead of placing his outhouses and a low uninviting dwelling on the elevated ground above those springs, erected his buildings on the north side of the High Bridge road, and there put up a good sized two or three story house, with piazzas in front, and facing the beautiful valley in the south, and had he improved the grounds in a suitable manner, those springs would long since have become famous, not only as a resort for invalids, but for the fashionable world; and, no doubt, there would now stand there a well supported water-cure establishment.

The local antiquities in our neighborhood, although destroyed for the most part by time and the plough, constitute a most interesting subject, and they have had favorable notices from DeWitt Clinton, Henry R. Schoolcraft, and other scientific and learned antiquarians. In his History of Onondaga, Mr. Clark devotes twenty-eight pages to this subject alone.

If a museum of our portable antiquities had been got up here at the proper time, we might possibly have taken away from Syracuse the honor of entertaining the Cardiff Giant. However, it may yet turn out, if the giant was really a true man, that his wife or one of his children may be found in our neighborhood; and then our chance will come, in due order of time, and we may be able to make as much out of the Wife or Daughter, as the Syracuse people did out of the Old Man, himself.

It cost me about eight dollars to take my family to Syracuse to see the Giant; and when I got there, he would not so much as look at me. I never was so humbugged in my life. I cannot better express my great

disappointment than by availing myself of the labors of one of our village poets :

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE CARDIFF GIANT BY A DISSATISFIED VISITOR.

Great Cardiff Giant ! art thou real stone ?
And wast thou once as real flesh and bone ?
Was thy huge frame with life-blood ever warm,
Before 'twas found, so cold, on Newell's farm ?

Mysterious man ! where was thy place of birth ?
How many ages didst thou live on earth ?
What was thy name ? What Anak was thy sire ?
Wast thou a brother of the famed Goliah ?

In tender years wast thou a mother's joy ?
How tall wast thou when but a little boy ?
Or wast thou then as tall as thou art now ?
And didst thou often then kick up a row ?

Hard-headed man ! wilt thou no answer make ?
Will not thy tongue its stubborn silence break ?
Thou need'st not keep so stiff an upper lip,
And hold thy hand, unmoved, behind thy hip !

I know thy pedigree's without a flaw ;
'Tis very plain thou wast no man of straw !
Thou wast a man of weight, and foremost then
Didst take thy rank among the solid men.

Thy standing once was high—of noble mien ;
Towering aloft thy hairless pate was seen.
Since then, alas ! how great has been thy fall,
I'm certain now thou canst not stand at all !

Thou art a Hard Shell—sprawling on thy back—
And what is more, a nut that's hard to crack !
I've said enough to thee ; go leave my sight ;
For very clear it is, thou 'rt not upright !

CHAPTER XI.

The great Institution of our village is our Annual Fair. This institution has now been in existence fourteen years with marked prosperity and success. It has not only been a great triumph as an exhibition of the productions of our farmers, and of the skill of our mechanics, but it has become the occasion for a Grand Re-union of our remaining old settlers, and all the other citizens of the town, as well as of sympathizing thousands from the surrounding neighborhood. We have made it our Fourth of July for rejoicing ; and our Fire Boys and their fellows from neighboring villages have occasionally made it take the place of the "General Trainings" of former days.

Here old and young, married and unmarried, meet together annually, in delightful intercourse. Our boys and girls appear here with agile steps and smiling faces, rigged out in "their Sunday best ;" and there is more courting done in Manlius Village during the two days of the Fair, than in all the rest of the county during the whole year. Boys who mean to become cross and stingy old bachelors had better not expose themselves at our fairs ; but girls who will have no objections to seeing their names in the Weekly Recorder, under the head of "recent marriages," had better be on hand early on both days.

Our Fair Grounds are most eligibly situated, and a more beautiful panorama could scarcely be imagined, than are those grounds and the adjacent hills, on a bright autumnal day, when occupied and enlivened by the many thousands of citizens of all ages and conditions, on foot, on horseback and in carriages, scattered singly and in clusters over the beautiful landscape.

Having already referred to the probability, that, with the blessing of a kind Providence, there will occur, in our village, at no very distant day, several Golden Weddings, it may not be out of place to show how these things are managed by the ladies of Manlius Village. This I will do, by reproducing an account of a Silver Wedding which occurred here last August, of which the following description was then published in the Weekly Recorder. It should be remarked, that the gentleman who then became a bridegroom for a second time and while a married man, had been for fourteen years the faithful secretary of "The Manlius and Pompey Agricultural and Mechanical Association," under whose auspices all our Fairs have been held, and that the officers and members of that Association took a special interest in the silver-marriage of their steady Secretary :

SILVER WEDDING.—SURPRISE PARTY.—The 6th of August being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of Doctor William Manlius Smith and his estimable wife, a number of their friends in the villages of Manlius and Fayetteville and their vicinities determined to celebrate the event by a surprise party. Always ready in emergencies and expedients to conceal their designs, some of the ladies managed to have the Doctor and wife invited to spend the anniversary of the nuptial day at the house of his brother, Mr. J. C. Smith, than which nothing could be more natural or appropriate. To give the ladies still more time for their mischievous preparations, the Doctor and his lady, after spending the most of the day at his brother's, were invited by the latter gentleman, near the close of the day, to take a ride with him on the railroad and visit the tunnel near Cazenovia. Returning from their ride, their host, of course, took his two guests home with him to tea. During all this time of absence from their home, the unsuspecting Doctor and his inno-

cent wife were wholly ignorant of the driving business which had been carried on by several active young ladies throughout the day, at the old Azariah Smith mansion, in Manlius Village, now the Doctor's residence. All things had been placed in apple-pie order, including the putting to bed of six of the Doctor's olive branches, when the good Doctor and his wife reached their home at about eight o'clock. The outside blinds of the house had been carefully closed and the lights inside turned down, and there was a studied quietness all around, when they opened the front door of their dwelling. Judge of their surprise when their house was suddenly lighted up and crowded with friends, and tables overflowing with delicacies presented to their view. An evergreen arch spanned the entrance to the hall, in which were neatly placed the word, "Welcome," in silver letters. Twenty-five stars had been tastefully arranged on the parlor wall, with the years 1847 and 1872 in elegant print on either side. A large wedding cake graced a centre-table in the middle of the parlor, with the years above mentioned in the centre, and a constellation of ten stars around them, being the bona fide number of their children. The Doctor and his lady, on being introduced to the company by Mr. Van Schaack, were informed by that gentleman that the company present had taken lawful possession of their house for the evening, and they must consider themselves the guests instead of the hosts for the occasion, and conduct themselves accordingly. Among other things, the guests were particularly congratulated by Mr. Van S. on the fact, now so rare, of having had their happy connubial union crowned and blessed with a large and promising family of children, who would, no doubt, be sources of joy, comfort and support to them in old age. It was designed by the managers of this delightful affair, that the occasion should not

be one for making presents, and notice to that effect had been given; nevertheless, quite a number of choice *silver* gifts, made by highly valued friends, will long be preserved by their recipients as mementoes of a most interesting occasion which afforded unmixed delight to all who were present.

V. S.

I am here reminded of a genuine wedding, which I ought to have noticed before. Among the remarkable ladies residing in our village when I came here, was Mistress Lydia Babcock. I do not give her this title as a married lady, for such, at that period, she was not; but as one, who, according to Johnson and Webster, and other standard lexicographers, was entitled to that designation as the female head of a family.

As an intelligent, self-reliant, and energetic housekeeper, Mistress Babcock had few equals. As a Christian lady of large benevolence and practical usefulness in society, she had no superior. As the substantial friend of many dependent young ladies, whom she fitted for self-support and usefulness in life, she was truly a Mother. As a member of the Church to which she belonged, she was a pillar, and a trusty counsellor.

The wedding to which I refer was remarkable, among other things, for its having established the fact, that some ladies *could* "keep a secret;" for the intended event was a profound secret up to the moment that it took place. I take pleasure in thus awarding to some ladies in Manlius Village the credit of having demonstrated this delicate proposition.

I had an invitation to the wedding;—no, not to the wedding, but to come to Mistress Babcock's residence, on a certain Sunday evening, without naming the object. I repaired thither with my wife, and a prayer-book under my arm. Cottage religious assemblages were not uncommon, at that time; and the young people were ac-

customed also to meet for religious conference, and prepared to take notes of questions and conversations on religious subjects. In accordance with this practice, many ladies appeared at the residence of Mistress Babcock, with note books and pencils in hand. Soon many circumstances combined to start misgivings as to the object of the assemblage of so many people; and then, why were staid and aged Presbyterians present at this Episcopal meeting? Why was the Mistress of the house absent from the room? Why was there so much stir, and whispering in the house, and so frequent going up and down stairs? Why did the young ladies of the house pass from room to room with such bright and smiling faces? All these little unusual circumstances were accompanied by yet another interesting feature:—the presence of an intelligent, dignified, and well-dressed gentleman, bordering on sixty, from a neighboring town. This partly opened our eyes, by throwing light on a mystery, which was soon completely solved, by the very suitable and sensible marriage of Colonel John Sprague, of Pompey, aged 56, and Mistress Lydia Babcock, of Manlius Village, aged 54.

It is stated, and it was too natural not to be true, that on getting into a buggy the next morning after their marriage, Mrs. Sprague took that side of the vehicle which belonged to her husband as driver, so confirmed had the habit become for this lady to hold the reins of government. This little mistake being corrected, the old couple proceeded on their way rejoicing.

And now, while we are recalling to mind so many of our departed old settlers and friends, and refreshing our memories with their characteristics and virtues, we must not forget to give a place in our unpretending history, to good old "AUNT PEGGY." Her dark skin did not, and ought not to deprive her of that place in our respect and esteem, to which her many simple virtues, and her

appropriate conduct justly entitled her. She was ever welcome to our dwellings, and her wants were not grudgingly supplied by her numerous and considerate friends.

Peggy Lenison was a "venerable Christian, upon whose head near four score and ten winters had shed their snows. She was of African lineage. Born a slave, she was reared under the scourge of the task-master, and schooled under the chastening rod of adversity. Honest, faithful, and true, through life she bravely buffeted the billows of poverty, and cheerfully encountered the dreary vicissitudes of her pilgrimage.

"The husband of her choice, like Jacob of old, served her master faithfully for her freedom; and, in due time, they rejoiced in her deliverance from bondage.

"Every child knew and loved 'Aunt Peggy;' and all returned her cheerful smile, and gentle nod, as she tottered along the street, supported by her rude staff, with basket in hand.

"'Aunt Peggy' was a member of the Methodist communion; but, on Christmas and Easter holidays, we have often seen her devoutly kneeling at God's altar, in Christian fellowship with Episcopalians, and there partake of the symbols of our Saviour's dying love.

"It is not often, that an individual occupying so humble a station, through a long life time, has so deep a hold upon the affections of the community; and so entirely commanded the esteem of society at large.

"A large concourse of people attended her funeral. The several religious societies of the village joined in the last sad obsequies, and manifested in a most feeling manner their respect for the deceased."

No longer upon earth, to be subject to the dominion of tyrannical man, Aunt Peggy, as we doubt not, is now a saint in Heaven, having been fully "delivered from the bond of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

CHAPTER XII.

There are many fine building sites in and about our village, with commanding and expansive views, which are very suitable to be improved for residences by gentlemen of taste and wealthy persons from abroad. Whether our new railroad shall prove a decided and permanent advantage to us or not, and whether we shall be able in any other way greatly to increase the business of the place or not, we certainly have it in our power to make this a very pleasant village for private residences. It is now pretty well set out with shade trees, but more can be done to beautify it in this regard. Our greatest reliance however for the increase of business here must be the improvement of our natural water power. It is indeed very extraordinary that this great power should have been so little improved in the last fifty years.

Although we have no gold or silver mines in this region, yet we have imbedded in the hills of our immediate vicinity valuable and inexhaustible quantities of water-lime, plaster, quick limestone and excellent monumental and building stone; and these indispensable articles of commerce are to be found sufficiently near to our new railroad to be conveniently transported to market. If to our present manufactories of paper, leather, carriages, furniture, mowers and reapers, brick and tile, tobacco and cheese boxes, segars, ploughs and other agricultural implements, with our furnaces, flour mills, plaster mills, lime mills and woolen mills, we can so extend and improve our water power as to favor the introduction of additional manufacturing establishments and mercantile industries, our village may yet become, at no distant day, a large and prosperous business place. It is much more of a manufacturing place now than it ever was before, and a greater variety of articles is manufactured here now than at any former period.

We had here, at one time, three cotton factories, which were then the only manufactories of that description in our county, and, as I believe, in this part of the State. If these factories had been in operation during the late civil war, their owners would have made independent fortunes. Why cannot we have such factories here again?

Manlius people have always appeared to me to be a plain, steady, prudent, straight-forward sort of people. No dwellers in our village seem to set themselves up for big folks; or take airs upon themselves; or undertake to lord it over other people; or make any great display in the world. Our people are willing to stop in the streets, and speak to their neighbors, and shake hands with them. There are no aristocrats, or purse-proud people here that I know of; and probably one reason is, that no one has got any thing in his purse to be proud of, these hard times. Manlius people are not great on dissipation, and I am glad of it. They detest sham, flattery, outside show, and humbug. They don't like to be driven too hard, and wont submit to it. Your politic schemers had better keep out of the place; and none need come here thinking that they "know it all," and undertake to ignore the existent state of things with our plain settled habits and manners. We are afraid of the man who bows and scrapes and tips his hat too much. Manlius people don't claim to be perfect, and there are mischief makers and unreasonable fault finders here as elsewhere. Some of our people really love to pay their debts, while others don't, but, as I am very sorry to say, try to creep out of them. The citizens of Manlius Village are not very excitable, but rather phlegmatic, with but little boast or brag about them—not a hundredth part as much as in some other villages, not a hundred miles away. At all events not enough brag about them to hurt them much; and some people think that if we had a little more it

would do us good. We certainly have not had as much ambition and enterprise as is desirable. We have not appreciated our interesting position. We have not fully improved our advantages. In this matter, we have all perhaps been alike guilty of neglect. Our people have attended to their own private affairs, and have perhaps injured even them, by not attending a little more to general objects. In this, possibly, we have been not a little selfish; and we must try to do better in the future. There is always room for amendment, and repentance, like charity, begins at home.

In the preparation of these notes, it has been to me a sad task, and has caused many melancholy reflections, to pass from house to house in our village, and trace back those who were once known to me as its living occupants, but who are now numbered with the dead. Scarcely a dwelling here but death has visited it, and to not a few of those dwellings many such visits have been paid. It shows the instability also of earthly things, that not only have their former occupants departed this life, but very many of them have left none to represent them, here or elsewhere; and in some instances, the very dwellings in which they once resided have tumbled down, or been razed to the ground.

Of the families residing here when I came to the village, in 1827, I can name only four, of which both the heads are now living, either here or elsewhere.* These circumstances are not perhaps so extraordinary in themselves considered, for one whole generation and a third

*NOTE.—They are Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Remington, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wormood, Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Cadwell, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. McClenthen. I can only name fourteen others of our old families of which one head now survives either here or elsewhere. They are S. L. Edwards, John Wilkie, Illustrations Remington, Robert Gilmor, Elihu L. Phillips, Henry W. Ewers, Alvah B. McClenthen, Mrs. Randall, Mrs. Rhoades, Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Loyd Remington, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Washburn and Mrs. Perry.

of another have come upon the stage since the year to which I have referred; yet are they very impressive facts.

Of the families living here in 1827, of which both the heads are now dead, I cannot name more than twelve who have descendants residing here at this time, children or grand-children. No doubt the real number is somewhat greater; and I could name at least forty of those old families whose heads are deceased, that have descendants now living in other places; so that all our old Manlius families are not likely to become extinct very soon.

The enumerations I have just made, naturally bring us to the consideration of another subject, and I cannot therefore conclude without adverting to that subject as one in which none of us can fail to take some interest. I allude to our graveyard, and to our duties with reference thereto. It is there that most of us expect to lie.

It is one of the evidences of a just and refined taste, as well as of a higher civilization, that much greater attention is now paid in our country to the subject of securing and beautifying suitable places for the interment of the dead, than at any former period. On this subject, we, in this village, have been rather behind the times; but a very considerable advance in this matter has latterly been made; and for his useful, judicious, and persevering services, in regard more particularly to the old cemetery, Mr. John C. Losey is entitled to our hearty thanks.

What is now desirable is, that the new cemetery should be extended as far west as the old graveyard, so as to bring the two into a nearly square form, for eventually they will no doubt be one. Then to enclose the whole in a substantial stone wall; surround it by a row of shade trees; ornamenting with shrubbery the knoll in

in the middle of the North Lane, and making semicircular walks around the knoll to pass in and out. It is hoped that at no distant day these improvements will yet be accomplished.

And now, in bringing my little history to a close, I think I will venture to "say, with Corregio :—and I too am a painter."

APPENDIX.

Having failed to procure the Prize Poem of James O. Rockwell referred to in the preceding History, another greatly admired specimen of his poetic effusions is subjoined :

THE LOST AT SEA.

BY JAMES O. ROCKWELL.

Wife, who in thy deep devotion
Pattest up a prayer for one
Sailing on the stormy ocean,
Hope no more--his course is done.
Dream not, when upon thy pillow,
That he slumbers by thy side ;
For his corse beneath the billow
Heaveth with the restless tide.

Children, who, as sweet flowers growing,
Laugh amid the sorrowing rains,
Know ye many clouds are throwing
Shadows on your sire's remains ?
Where the hoarse, gray surge is rolling
With a mountain's motion on,
Dream ye that its voice is tolling
For your father lost and gone ?

When the sun look'd on the water,
As a hero on his grave,
Tinging with the hue of slaughter
Every blue and leaping wave,
Under the majestic ocean,
Where the giant current roll'd,
Slept thy sire, without emotion,
Sweetly by a beam of gold ;

And the silent sunbeams slanted,
Wavering through the crystal deep,
Till their wonted splendors haunted
Those shut ey-lids in their sleep.
Sands, like crumbled silver gleaming,
Sparkled through his raven hair ;
But the sleep that knows no dreaming
Bound him in its silence there.

So we left him ; and to tell thee
 Of our sor-ow and thine own,
 Of the woe that then befell thee,
 Come we weary and alone.
 That thine eye is quickly shaded,
 That thy heart-blood wildly flows,
 That thy cheek's clear hue is faded,
 Are the fruits of these new woes.

Children, whose meek eyes, inquiring
 Linger on your mother's face—
 Know ye that she is expiring,
 That ye are an orphan race ?
 God be with you on the morrow,
 Father, mother,—both no more ;
 One within a grave of sorrow,
 One upon the ocean's floor !

WHITTIER ON ROCKWELL —On the death of James O. Rockwell, the early poet of Manlius Village, the following lines were inscribed to his memory by the poet Whittier :

The turf is smooth above him ! and this rain
 Will moisten the rent roots, and summon back
 The perishing life of its green-bladed grass,
 And the crush'd flower will lift its head again
 Smilingly unto heaven, as if it kept
 No vigil with the dead. Well—it is meet
 That the green grass should tremble, and the flowers
 Blow wild about his resting-place. His mind
 Was in itself a flower but half disclosed—
 A bud of blessed promise which the storm
 Visited rudely, and the passers by
 Smote down in wantonness. But we may trust
 That it hath found a dwelling, where the sun
 Of a more holy clime will visit it,
 And the pure dews of mercy will descend,
 Through Heaven's own atmosphere, upon its head.
 His form is now before me, with no trace
 Of death in its fine lineaments, and there
 Is a faint crimson on his youthful cheek,
 And his free lip is softening with the smile
 Which in his eye is kindling. I can feel
 The parting pressure of his hand, and hear
 His last ' God bless you ! ' Strange—that he is there
 Distinct before me like a breathing thing,
 Even when I know that he is with the dead,
 And that the damp earth hides him. I would not
 Think of him otherwise—his image lives
 Within my memory as he seem'd before
 The curse of blighted feeling, and the toil
 And fever of an uncongenial strife, had left
 Their traces on his aspect. Peace to him !

- He wrestled nobly with the weariness
And trials of our being— smiling on,
While poison mingled with his springs of life,
And wearing a calm brow, while on his heart
Anguish was resting like a hand of fire—
Until at last the agony of thought
Grew insupportable, and madness came
Darkly upon him,—and the sufferer died !
Nor died he unlamented ! To his grave
The beautiful and gifted shall go up,
And muse upon the sleeper. And young lips
Shall murmur in the broken tones of grief
His own sweet melodies—and if the ear
Of the freed spirit heedeth aught beneath
The brightness of its new inheritance,
It may be joyful to the parted one
To feel that earth remembers him in love !

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 9, line 7 from bottom, for "on horseback," read "on his back."

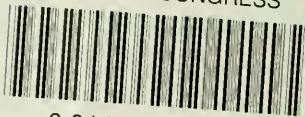
Page 10, line 6, for "deers," read "deer."

Page 11, line 8 from bottom, for "fine boats," read "line boats."

A number of other errors which escaped the eye of the proof examiner, will readily be noticed by the reader of the History.



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